

The TATLER

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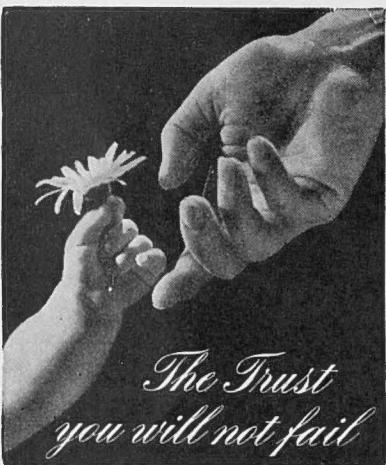


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LADY JEAN ABNEY-HASTINGS

TWO RECENT PORTRAITS

The Countess of Loudoun, mother of Lady Jean Abney-Hastings, is a peeress in her own right and succeeded to the earldom in 1920 and to the baronies of Eotreaux, Stanley and Hastings in 1921 on the determination of the abeyance. In 1916 Lady Loudoun married Captain Reginald Huddleston who, two years later, assumed the surname of Abney-Hastings. Lady Jean is the second of their five daughters. There is one son, Lord Mauchline, who was born in 1918

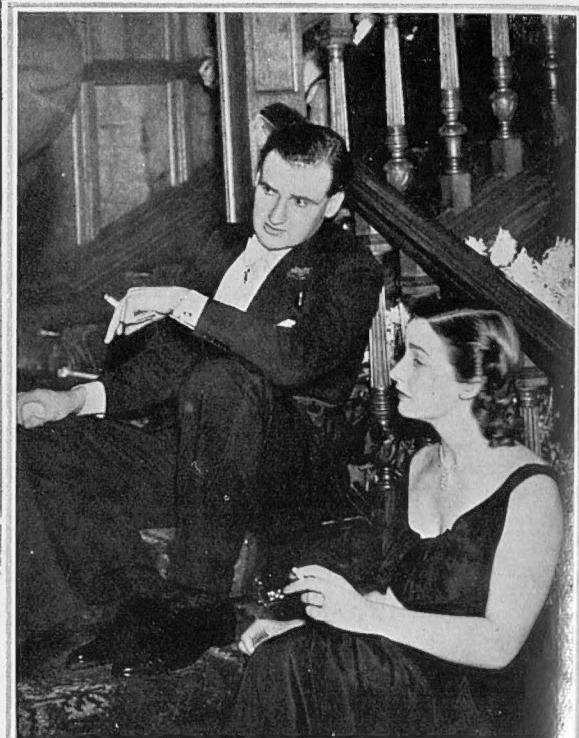




Holloway
THE M.F.H. AND LADY CADOGAN AND MRS. RICHARD AGNEW (CENTRE) AT THE GRAFTON HUNT BALL

This festivity was held at Stowe School aforetime, the abode of the Dukes of Buckingham, and most admirably suited to a ball on the grand scale. To Lady Cadogan belongs the credit for the big success that it was. Mrs. Richard Agnew, wife of Captain Agnew, formerly 15th/19th Hussars, is a daughter of General and Mrs. Giles Courage, he being senior Master of the Bicester

And the World Said—



Howard Basit
LORD GORMANSTON AND MISS PAMELA HANLY

LIKE the man who said he enjoyed hitting his head against the wall because it was so nice when it stopped, I enjoyed one week of Hollywood. It was an enormous experience, but then everything in Hollywood is larger than monument-size, including the posters on which M-G-M advertise their own pictures within their own precincts at Culver City, where I would gladly roam for days down corridors of genuine (oddly enough) Louis-Seize left over from a forgotten epic. The hive atmosphere of big studios is fascinating; thousands of men and women working, with industry and talent, to ensure the smoothness and verisimilitude of an entertainment which, nine times out of ten, depresses me deeply and barely keeps the public from yawning. But the craftsmen's interest in the detail of each production makes the process interesting. An example is M-G-M's research department, a hierarchy of twelve ex-schoolmasters and trained librarians whose books of reference fill two buildings. They answer general knowledge questions on twelve telephones; make sketches to help the art directors; check queries on English social life by illustrated newspapers; and collect data about this or that character, period or current. *The Good Earth* was their magnum



LADY KIMBERLEY

With two favoured attendants, her Staffordshire Bull Terrier, and Sandy the Cairn, a friend of long standing. Lord and Lady Kimberley (she is the late Lieutenant-Colonel Leonard Irby's daughter) live in Norfolk, at Kimberley House not far from Wymondham. The Kimberley House of Tudor times, which had the Virgin Queen among its guests, was burnt down and their present home, built in the past, dates from the seventeenth century

The engagement of Lord Gormanston and Miss Hanly, daughter of Captain E. B. Hanly and Lady Marjorie Heath, was announced in the middle of December. The family of the bridegroom-elect is one of the most ancient in Ireland, and dates back to the early fourteenth century. Sir Robert Preston was knighted on the field of battle in 1361. Lord Gormanston is Ireland's premier viscount. Lady Marjorie Heath is a daughter of Lord and Lady Denbigh and the wife of Captain Robert Heath. The above picture was taken at the Holderness Hunt Ball

opus. Finally, when every anachronism has been avoided, the director makes a civil war crowd sing Moodie and Sankey years before "Dare to be a Daniel" was written. A director is always right. But learned young men incline to think the director is really right, more often than not, so long as his treatment looks or sounds more dramatic than accuracy would, because the public hardly ever notices. Not one soul protested that Scrooge's trees in *Christmas Carol* are Culver City's best eucalyptus. So why worry? The Californian climate prevents the thousands of deaths from worry which would otherwise occur in the motion-picture industry, and some of those engaged even manage to enjoy it. Adrian, the dress designer, for one. A charming, lively young man, not overcome

by the sacred importance of Hollywood's capital H, he is engaged to Miss Janet Gaynor. There must be many charming people behind the hullabaloo, and some I met were Miss Bette Davis, on the set at Warners in a wonderful Orry-Kelly dress as the Empress Carlotta in *Juarez* (but suffering from pleurisy which comes from over-heated studios); Mr. Henry Grace, who designed an exquisite modern Regency bedroom for Hedy LaMarr's picture, *I Take This Woman*, pretty Viennese Hedy being shot in it; gloriously healthy, buoyant Paulette Goddard, who knits her own sweaters, which are jerseys to us; polished Robert Montgomery, who adores London, and Elliott Morgan, M.A., B.A., and all that, who arranged a library of rare books for the Montgomery picture in which "Bob" plays a collector. These tremendous pains were taken in case there is one shot of the books behind the hero's head. Modest David Niven, who used to be in the H.L.I., is the darling of the British colony; Ann Sheridan struck me as the prettiest girl at Warners, where they are making her a star (London can judge from *Angels With Dirty Faces*); John Farrow, husband of Maureen O'Sullivan, who was directing Wendy Barrie in a taxicab scene, showed considerate patience; Heather Thatcher is popular with all sets, a formidable achievement; radiant Sandra Rambeau brings a dash of *je ne sais quoi* from Paris to Beverly Hills, where her apartment is the scene of revelry (but she does not have to be at the studio, made up, at seven in the morning) and another charmer, the always perfectly-dressed Isabel Jeans, who is going home to London to do a play. I wish she would play the actress heroine of Maugham's *Theatre*; it is a marvellous part for a mannered *comédienne*, provided the play extracts all the acid juices from the book. Isabel Jeans was very nearly the only well-dressed woman at Santa Anita on the opening day of



AT THE VATICAN

H.R.H. Princess Marie of Savoy and her bridegroom, Prince Louis of Bourbon-Parma, photographed after being received in audience by the Pope, who bestowed on them his Nuptial Blessing. The marriage of the youngest daughter of Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy to a descendant of Henry, Duke of Parma was celebrated at the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal in Rome on January 23.



MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE

The eighteen-year-old only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Colledge of Upper Wimpole Street, who, at Earls Court last week retained her title of Lady Figure-skating Champion of Europe in one of the closest and most exciting contests ever seen on ice. As the result of superb free skating Miss Colledge finished eleven points ahead of Miss Megan Taylor, after being two points behind her. These two meet again this month when Miss Taylor defends her world-championship title at Prague

the racing season. It was almost as warm as the average Ascot, but every woman wore furs, preferably sable with five orchids on each revers. The sun was shining but flash-lights popped and jewellery glittered like a Hollywood première, which indeed it was. I have never seen larger stands hold more people, a better car park (shades of



ALL WHITE WEDDING AT WINDSOR

Though an alternative covered way was available Mr. John Leslie Harvey and his bride, formerly the Hon. Anne Wigram, braved the Christmas-card weather after their marriage at St. George's Chapel so as not to disappoint a large crowd which had waited for two hours in the snow to get a view of them. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Colonel John Harvey and of Mrs. Harvey of Ringstead, Bury, Norfolk. The bride's father, Lord Wigram, Deputy-Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, was appointed Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King in 1936.

Sandown's corkscrew), or a more magnificent setting. The mountains above Pasadena make a natural arena and the oval of the course is entirely planted with marigolds—tell that to the Jockey Club. Mr. Edmund Lowe told me they change the flowers later on. They should change them every night to be in keeping with the liberal, literal tradition of Hollywood, where the famous Brown Derby (pronounced durby) restaurant is in the shape of a bowler hat, and several other eating houses and shops have adopted naive, fairy-tale exteriors so that you wonder if you have wandered on to a set by mistake until you discover how very difficult it is to get into a studio, even armed with the right red tapes. The Royal visit to Paris was nothing, from the *laissez-passer* point of view, to my tour of certain studios with a camera to complicate the etiquette. Mr. "Bill" Lyon, of M-G-M's publicity department, was arrested by one of his own policemen for

walking about with one of my cameras. Query—What does A do when he sees his bear-leader B led off to jug? It was all as good as a play, and I echo witty Rex Evans's wish that Uncle James Agate would take in Hollywood next time he visits America. That it would not take him in goes without saying, while his reactions to one of the *phenomena* of our era would give TATLER readers the treat of a lifetime. "Shall we write him a fan letter?" said Rex as we dined at a pull-in (they fix the tray to your car) after the races, but an argument about the photo-finish in which Mr. Louis B. Mayer's horse was declared the winner, intervened. Although a great many people backed the second, which looked as if it had won by a head, nobody hooted as they would have at, say, Lewes, or set fire to the stands as would certainly happen at Auteuil; which goes to prove that Americans are wonderfully sunny people and darned good losers. Mr. Mayer now owns about a hundred horses; it is said that every time a horse wins he buys it.

The scene shifts to northern California, a horsey country, where the horsestest place is sporting Del Monte, one of the most beautiful spots in the world with pine trees (none of your feather-duster palms), between my window and the Pacific Ocean, breaking a furlong away in silvery foam on the famous Pebble Beach. There are rocks and hills and misty distances more than somewhat like Scotland, with ranches inland, up to

And the World said—*continued*

the Carmel Valley, where high green hills have the gentle look of downs, and the neighbours are so friendly that, believe me, all you have heard about Western hospitality is true. It is an extraordinarily attractive open-air community, not given to wrangling (although bridge is popular) and I cannot imagine a better place to live the year old. The long polo season is presided over by Del Monte's No. 1 hero, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, whose wife "Babs" is the life and soul of every gathering, and there is a fascinating golf course, supposed to be the third best in America, but that is not my department; all I know is that it lies along the silver seashore with pits of white sand breaking the coast-line, and just off-shore at one point is a miniature Bass Rock covered with seals basking and barking like billy-o. For the whole Del Monte Estate, a peninsula encircled by the Seventeen Mile Drive (almost as well known as the Grand Canyon), is a game preserve. Every creature is safe there, and every view divine. Amateur photographers like Lord Knollys ("Nollis" in the U.S.A.) who stayed a day or two with the John Magees after his ranching holiday in Arizona, are enchanted, and polo players live in a whirl of harmless gaiety. I am too early for the internationals, who are coming here to practise later (it is a sobering thought that any one of four American teams are rated to beat us), but not too early for their ponies, as Lord Cowdray's and Major "Bob" Leaf's are here under "Bob's" care. His own have had the delightful Misses Kelly of the Ferne Polo Club to exercise them; two of the best women polo players in the world, not that I endorse polo for women, on the contrary. Why do something men do so much better? However, we won't go into that, as "Eddie" Hillman would say, diving through the swing doors of Del Monte Taproom where everyone foregathered prior to eating fish dinners at "Pop Ernest's" on the quay in Monterey which has the biggest sardine fleet in the States and is the oldest township in California. The Spaniards lost it to the Americans only ninety years ago. There are a few lovely old-colonial houses left; the finest belongs appropriately to a *connoisseur* of beautiful things, Mrs. Frances Elkins, who has decorated the Yerba Buena Club at the San Francisco Fair, of which more next week. Her lunch parties are so perfect in every detail, including genial company, that it is customary to arrive at noon with a view to polo and remain until four, talking in a leisurely manner, seven thousand miles from the European cockpit. Pleasant people here for the season, or commuting from Santa Barbara down the coast, include the J. B. Blackstones of Baltimore; the Charles Howards, jun. (his pop owns Seabiscuit, the greatest American racehorse); the Russell Havenstrites (he is doing big things with oil and gold in Alaska); the Converse Converses, who are both called "Connie" to make it more difficult; the Earl Hoppings (he used to play polo for America); and the "Pete" Bostwicks, who have gone back East. Local characters around whom the horsey world revolves include

Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, whose ranch is up the Carmel Valley near Mr. Gordon Armsby's. He, too, is well known in U-rup, where he once walked into an hotel in Moscow and found Colonel "Freddie" Cripps, and then the fun began—but that is Mr. Armsby's story. A mine of good stories and the most colourful character on this coast is Mr. "Sam" Morse, who owns all Del Monte. He captained Yale at football in 1906 and is still so strong he tears up packs of cards and breaks bronchos. He has a wonderful collection of guns at his River Ranch, including the musket carried by his father, aged fifteen, in the Civil War, and the weapons his grandfather used as a privateer, plus the six-shooters which he carried himself in Mexico, before the World War, when fights between combines of cow-punchers and other characters were far more violent and even more frequent than the raiding and reiving on the borders of England and Scotland hundreds of years ago. I sat on the floor with my eyes popping out of my head, listening to Mr. Morse's tales of old San Francisco and other parts where only the day before yesterday life was like the wildest Western picture. It seems incredible there should be a highly respected old gentleman in Monterey who was brought up with the Sioux Indians and another who fought against them, but no more incredible or uncivilized than our gas-mask crisis, 1938. The outlaws of the old West killed each other occasionally for what they considered adequate reasons, but mass slaughter or attacks upon women, children, or persons outside the orbit of their own feuds were inconceivable. The wild days have gone, and the men who could ride anything and would fight anyone are getting old, which is why I wish someone who does not have to hurry on to San Francisco would round up the great "Sam" at his ranch and, as the log fire gleams on his guns on the wall, take down his memories of the mad days and the bad days which were also the good old days, and get him to sing some of those sweetly-crazy cowboy songs with the riding rhythm beating through. He did not need to be persuaded to do his South Sea Island dance which was the very Douglas Byng *pièce de résistance* (trans., an old piece no one can resist) at Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mack's Del Monte party to which Lord Verulam's son, Bruce Grimston, escorted Mrs. Elkins's only child, Katherine.

From home I hear that the Anglo-Hellenic League is becoming active now that Madame Simopoulos, the energetic wife of the Greek Minister, is taking matters in hand. After films of Greece the other afternoon, there was a sherry party in that palatial house in Chesterfield Gardens which was once the home of the late Lord Islington and more recently housed the Ladies' Carlton Club. Madame Simopoulos was decidedly the "belle," her black dress trimmed with tinkling golden bells on her belt and collar.

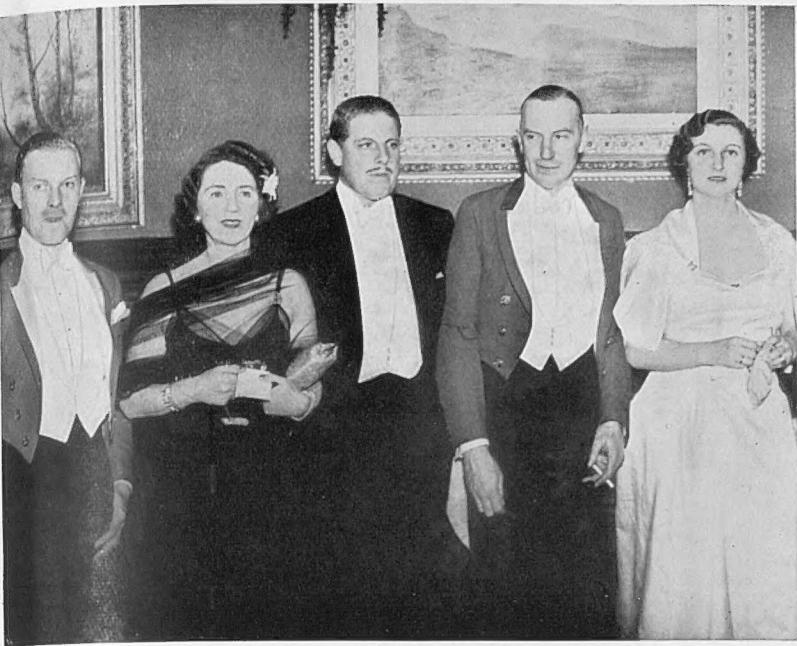
Tomorrow Lady Titchfield is arranging another of her "events" in aid of her pet good cause, The Invalid Children's Aid Association—this time the first performance of Miss Rosie Newman's *To the Land of the Pharaohs*. As usual, Lord and Lady Hollenden are lending their house, so ring Grosvenor 3347 if you want a desert evening.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

A new and very delightful portrait of a royal lady whose popularity with the British public is immense. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have paid several visits of late to Barnwell Castle, their future country home in Northamptonshire, where many alterations are being made in preparation for next hunting season, which T.R.H. hope to spend there. The Duchess of Gloucester has a family interest in Barnwell, for this thirteenth-century castle was formerly owned by the Dukes of Buccleuch

HOLDERNESS AND GRAFTON BALL—DANCERS



AT THE HOLDERNESS BALL : MR. AND MRS. PITTS, MR. ARTHUR WILSON-FILMER, CAPTAIN ADRIAN BETHELL, M.F.H., AND MRS. WILSON-FILMER



AND ALSO CAPTAIN J. C. PRESTON, MR. GUY CAMPBELL, THE HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX AND LADY ROMAYNE CECIL

Lionard Barrett

AT THE GRAFTON BALL : CAPTAIN TOLER-AYLWARD, CAPTAIN GORE, MISS SAVILL AND LORD RODERIC PRATT



MORE GRAFTON : MISS HENRIETTA CADOGAN, MR. HENRY LLEWELLYN, MISS JOAN HASTINGS AND MR. J. HANBURY



ALSO LADY WEYMOUTH AND CAPTAIN ADAM BLOCK

There was an enormous field of well over three hundred for the Holderness Ball, for which Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson-Filmer kindly lent Tranby Croft, a very appropriate spot in view of the fact that the host's grandfather, the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, was Master of the Holderness for twenty-seven seasons, 1878 to 1905. It is one of the oldest hunting organizations in the hound list, dating back to Adam de Everingham, 1279, under a Patent Roll given by Edward I. They are hunted by a committee at the moment, with Captain Adrian Bethell, joint-Master 1928-1931, a leading figure in it. In the right-hand group, up top, are Captain Preston and Mr. Guy Campbell, Sir Guy Campbell's son and heir, both K.O.Y.L.I., the Hon. Margaret Lane-Fox

(from the Bramham), daughter of Lord and Lady Bingley, and Lady Romayne Cecil, Lord and Lady Exeter's younger daughter. Her brother-in-law, Lord Hotham, did the hard work which falls on a ball secretary. There are some more pictures of the Grafton Ball, held at Stowe School, in another part of this issue, and, as there stated, it was a booming success, thanks almost entirely to Lady Cadogan, the new Master's wife. Miss Henrietta Cadogan, in one of the above groups, is a relation, a daughter of Commander and Mrs. Francis Cadogan. Riding talent was well represented as Mr. Henry Llewellyn, a son of Sir David, was Ego's 1937 National pilot, and Lord Roderic Pratt never misses a ride if he can help it. He is also the No. 1 in the Life Guards' polo team



ANNIE DUCAUX AND CORINNE LUCHAIRE IN "CONFLIT"

The new French-made film at the Carlton Theatre in which Corinne Luchaire has the big part as Claire, who "takes over" her sister's unwanted babe and pretends that it is her own, started its London career on January 28, and is the first of a series of French films to be shown at this theatre. Annie Ducaux plays Claire's sister, the mother of the child, and who starts the story by shooting her sister

ARNOLD BENNETT once declared that the world's fourteen greatest novelists were born in the Caucasus and still living there. This was his jocular and dramatic way of stating that Russia has produced some stupendous writers, which is not the same thing as stating that all Russian writers are stupendous. As with novels, so with plays. Russia has produced a handful of dramatists of the first order, from which it does not follow that all Russian playwrights are creators of first-class masterpieces. Films, however, appear to come into a different category. Russia has given us a handful of film producers of the first quality, and, so far as my personal observation goes, it would seem to follow that all Russian film producers are creators of first-class masterpieces. At least, I have seldom seen a Russian film of which it might not be said either that it was a masterpiece or that it was heading that way. The film I have in mind here, *Le Patriote*, at Studio One, is not Russian but French. It is a French film about Russia, and that is the next best thing. Doubtless the author of *Little Nicholas's History of Russia* will sum up Paul I in a sentence similar to that which in *Little Arthur* Lady Callcott used for our second Edward: "He was the most unhappy man that ever was Tsar of Russia, but this was in great part his own fault." It is possible that judgments for the young are necessarily too summary. Is it a man's own fault if he is tainted from birth physically, mentally, morally? What sort of son should we expect to get from womanish Peter III and that man-empress, Catherine? What the world got was a weak, violent despot holding the autocratic fort against the more liberal notions of his son, the Grand Duke Alexander, Rousseau-fed and Voltaire-crammed. A man prodigal of lashings and pardons, snatching at India, and declaring war against the rest of Europe, whose sovereigns he was prepared to meet in single combat. The man was plainly mad, and this at once takes him out of the tragic category. "The abuse of greatness," said Brutus, "is when it disjoins remorse from power." But there was no greatness in Paul who, making a tour of his ministers' visages, and discomfited at his inability to outstare their treachery, would solemnly put out his tongue!

This is not to say that the part does not demand a great actor. It does, and it gets it. At this point I must—to adapt a phrase immemorial in the mouths of cooks addressing

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Two French Masterpieces

housemaids—expose my ignorance! Who is M. Harry Baur, and why have I never heard of him? I am told on all hands that he is France's No. 1 film star, and that I have seen him in scores of films. If the indictment be a true one, then I must plead guilty to lack of percipience. And yet I do not think so. I just do not believe that he has previously given performances as fine as this one, and that I have failed to perceive the quality of the great actor. I do not say that M. Baur is a great actor; what I do say is that if a great actor were to tackle this part he would do it in the Baur manner. It is super-Jannings, and better than Jannings only because Baur can summon up a majesty which Jannings at his finest could never do. And mark that he does not overdo the Imperial neurosis! There is a magnificent moment towards the end when gibbering is replaced by calm, and the Tsar, threatened with death, puts on all Tsardom, and suddenly becomes about eight feet tall. The part of Pahlen, the patriot forced by his patriotism to depose the master whom he loves, is beautifully delineated by M. Pierre Renoir. And in all fairness it must be said that the picture is divided between two very fine actors indeed. The young actor who plays the heir to the throne has hardly enough weight to make the film one of ideas. But as an insignificant young man who does not covet a throne and is still less inclined to wade to it through his father's blood, he does very well indeed. There are two women in the film, each of whom is a mistress of the Emperor. The one is a dancer, and the other is Pahlen's wife who gives her husband's designs away and is not believed. The film is by no means without comedy, to which both actresses contribute. The dancer has obtained from the Emperor the right to the royal salute, and there is a charming scene à la Lubitsch in which this baggage being pitched out of the Palace neck and crop, together with her fripperies and her cockatoo, is accorded the royal salute by the Palace sentries on her way to oblivion. May it please be remarked here that neither of the actresses in question would be recognized as a beauty in any country, but also that each of them acts the heads off any six of Hollywood's best film stars? The film is superbly made throughout and is to be highly recommended to the sophisticated. What Muswell Hill's little typists will think about it I neither know nor care.

But for *Le Patriote*, which is a magnificent big film, I should have devoted the whole of this week's article to the Academy's *Quai des Brumes*, which is a magnificent little one. This is a story of petty gangsterism in the sordid purlieus of Le Havre. The note is squalor, and it is just this which gives the film its intense vivacity. I suppose one must believe that American gangsters did, in their heyday, lead an existence comparable to that of Sardanapalus, while Semiramis had "nothing on" their molls. But I have never really believed this, whereas I believe every foot and every inch of the brilliant little film at the Academy. How M. Jean Gabin plays this sort of thing need not be gone into here; his performance is, as always, perfect. Mlle. Michèle Morgan gives him admirable support, by which I do not mean that she gets in his way. They are two of Fortune's waifs, and there is no suggestion that the cup they drink together contains anything except dregs. But the film really belongs to M. Michel Simon, whose black-mailer is one of the nastiest pieces of work ever devised for the screen, yet possesses a touch of elegance which Edgar Allan Poe would not have disdained.

* * *

Their Majesties the King and Queen have lately been seeing a number of films at Sandringham. For example, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have, since Christmas, sent five full-length pictures for viewing by Their Majesties, and three "shorts." The long films were *The Citadel*, *The Great Waltz*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Marie Antoinette* and *Sweethearts*. The last named has not yet been shown in London. It is an M-G-M technicolor production, based on the Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Mischa Auer, and a huge cast. *Sweethearts* was one of the first, if not the very first, films to be shown at Sandringham.

IN CHARITY'S CAUSE



MR. WIGAN SUPS WITH MISS MONCREIFFE



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ARRIVE



MR. WESTMACOTT AND THE HON. SYBIL BERRY



DISCUSSING THE OUTLOOK? CAPTAIN L. NOX-BOYD AND LADY CARDEN



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR E. BELLINGHAM ESCORTED MARY LADY ERROLL



LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE AND COMMANDER THE HON. VALENTINE WYNDHAM-QUIN



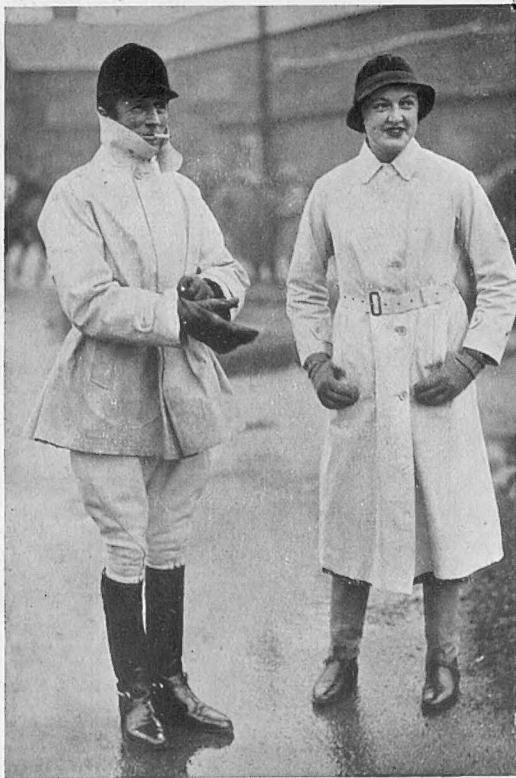
SIR HARRY AND LADY HAGUE

These photographs were taken when T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent honoured a big "in aid of," the ball held at the Dorchester to help the funds of the National Council for Mental Hygiene. Lady Hamond-Graeme, committee chairman, entertained a huge party—over eighty strong—for the event. Here are some of them. Sir Harry Hague, from The Chantry, Elstree, was hon. treasurer, and his wife was one of the vice-chairmen, another being Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who presented a bouquet of orchids and lilies to the Duchess of Kent. Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe is the only daughter of the deputy-chairman, Lady Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe. The Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones, is on a later page of this paper, had supper with Captain Guy and the Hon. Mrs. Westmacott's elder son. Major Metcalfe's wife did likewise with Lord Dunraven's younger son, who retired from the Royal Navy in 1933. Brigadier-General Sir Edward Bellingham, another Irishman, owns Castle Bellingham in County Louth; he was a member of the ball committee as was Lady Carden



MRS. COOK AND LORD PORTARLINGTON

From the Shires and Provinces



SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH AND
MISS ANGELA FENWICK

On a very rainy Cottesmore day when hounds met in Wymondham village. No one is much better entitled to wear a cap than Sir Thomas Ainsworth, former Master Meath, Blazers, Kildare and Tipperary

Leicestershire Letter.

EVERY one is delighted to hear that Harold Nutting will continue his Mastership of the Quorn for another year. It is very noble of him because his health is not too robust and his labours *pro bono publico* are incessant.

What a wonderful pack of hounds he has in the Quorn, what good fellows are the Quorn farmers, in short what a country to hunt!

More changes? We read: "For sale the property of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Colin Buist." The lady says she has had enough, but the Commander can never have enough. He would hunt seven days a week, winter and summer, if weather and coalite permitted.

One of the charms of fox-hunting is that one never knows what the day will bring forth. With a high wind and a low barometer Monday looked far from promising. Few people anticipated the two splendid gallops that the Quorn had in store for them. There was a scent. The first hunt was from Walton Thorns past Ellers to the far side of Willoughby village where a beaten fox was probably left in some farmyard. A very fast gallop of about fifty minutes.

The second was from Willoughby Gorse round Thorpe Spinneys through Wymeswold Park and coverts and then, parallel with the Fosse nearly back to Ellers. Short of this covert, a very tired fox eluded George Barker and the Quorn hounds, who failed to pick him up.

Both these hunts were so fast that hounds were almost alone at times. On Saturday from their Wymondham meet the Cottesmore had a great day's sport. Finding in Wymondham Roughs they ran a left-handed circle to Stapleford Park. They left this at a great pace across the Burton Flats pointing for Gartree. Leaving this covert on their left they swung in a right-handed circle across the Sandy Lane and back

over Childe's farm into Burton Lazars, where the fox was lost. Time about one and a half hours.

Their second hunt was from Berry Gorse up to Leesthorpe and back to Burton where number two was lost. Time about one hour. "Foxes have holes" but not every one knows where. Perhaps Tommy B.H. will find out when he goes to live at Burton.

The flats got a good "doing," fields and fences alike; but, headed by "Uncle Will," there are some good farmers on the flats.

From the Fernie.

There was a brilliant assemblage at Lubenham on Monday when hounds met at The Cottage, the home of that good sportsman, the Rev. Graham Dilley. Steeped in hunting and racing lore, this habitation, eighty years ago, was occupied by the famous "Cherry" Angell when the first National Hunt Chase was run over a course on the adjoining land and the stables held many famous horses, to wit, Alcibiade, who won the G.N. in 1865. After receiving the hospitality of our esteemed padre, the equipage moved off to the Laughton Hills and hounds were soon away with a fox who ringed round the Laughton and Gumley district. The going was extra deep and brought several to grief. One of our hard-riding top weights had a hair-raising experience with a runaway horse which, taking charge, bolted down a steep ravine and was only stopped when he entered a wood which barred the way. Fortunately no damage was done.

Amongst our field was a veteran of ninety-one who still rides to hounds and can hold his own. A good hunt from Mowsley Gorse in the afternoon covering the Knaptoft area sent tired horses and likewise many tired riders homewards. The Pony Club Rally at Kibworth Hall on Wednesday brought together a happy band of future top sawyers, who listened with rapt attention to Mrs. Marchant's lecture on hunting. Mrs. Tony Bellville, the Commissioner, entertained the full company to a gorgeous tea afterwards. The narrow roadways around Great Stretton were blocked with motor cars on Thursday, making it hazardous for horse and hound to thread their way to Glen Gorse where we found our first fox who ran to ground at Buswells. Harris and Thurnby provided further material and altogether some good hunting within a two-mile radius from the Strettions with ample lepping to occupy the attention of the brave.



COUNT STEFAN ZAMOYSKI
WITH THE BELVOIR

Our distinguished visitor from Poland who came over to hunt with us this season is a member of one of the oldest families in his native land and holds a commission in the 17th Lancers (Polish). He bred the horse he is seen on above at his stud at Jedlic and he is a six-year-old grandson of Persimmon, the royal Derby winner. Count Zamoyski married a daughter of Prince Czartoryski who is a kinsman of the Bourbon family

brakes. Monday at Heythrop village set the tambourine a-rolling and also our veteran friend Mr. Nutting, who fortunately was not hurt. The morning was rather disappointing in Heythrop Park and Apple Pie was tenantless. A good evening hunt followed from Worton Heath and no doubt it was our friend who gave us that good hunt on the Adderbury day as he took an identical line except that, instead of going to the left of Dunstew, he went to the right: possibly he had recently returned from a weekend in Paris. Wednesday at Lower Swell was probably the best day of the season so far as on an excellent scent hounds ran fast for over an hour and made a six-mile point. The V.W.H. Cricklade Master was

(Continued on page 200)

THE HURSLEY TAKE THE FLOOR



MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINS AND
MR. NIGEL BAKER DANCING



WAITING FOR IT: MRS. H. W. H. DALGETY,
MR. W. GOODBODY, LADY RACHEL STUART AND
MR. DAVID PRICE, M.F.H.



BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW! : CAPTAIN
HORTON WITH MR. D. LEE



THE HOSTESS, MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER,
TALKING TO CAPTAIN FRED HORTON



THE EARL OF LEWES,
MR. AND MRS. GRANT
SINGER, MR. A. W. H.
DALGETY, M.F.H., AND
THE COUNTESS OF
LEWES



MAJOR A. E. PHILLIPS, M.F.H., SITS
OUT WITH MRS. HENRY YOUNGER



Photos.: Swaebe
PALAIS GLIDERS: CAPTAIN FRED HORTON, MISS M. TRAVIS, MR. T. G. HUNT,
MISS PRUNELLA HIGGINS, MR. D. LEE AND HALF OF MR. GRANT SINGER, M.F.H.

Mrs. Washington Singer very kindly lent her house, Norman Court, for the Hursley Hunt Ball, at which were all the local world and his wife. This ball was somewhat in the nature of a farewell to Mrs. Singer, who is closing the house for a year and a half. Her son, Mr. Grant Singer, who is Master of the Hursley, then takes up his abode there with his attractive young wife. There were several M.F.H.s present, including Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety, who is senior joint-Master of the Southdown, which he took over in 1929. His wife is seen in a group which includes Lady Rachel Stuart, who is the Duke of Devonshire's fourth sister—her father died early in May last year—and Mr. David Price, sole Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). The hostess, Mrs. Washington Singer, who was talking to Captain Fred Horton when snapped, was wearing some of her famous jewellery. Mrs. Singer is also the happy possessor of a very fine voice. Lord Abergavenny's son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Lewes, were snapped in a group which included the hostess's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Singer



CELEBRATING MR. GEORGE VAIZEY'S NEW BOOK
"GUILE WEARS A CORONET"

Mr. James Agate, Mr. George Vaizey (the principal guest at Messrs. George Harrap's celebration of the book's birthday), and Miss Gilbert, of the B.B.C. Mr. Vaizey is reported to have said, most modestly: "I try not to write, because really I haven't time for it. But I just can't help it!" For this, we of this group of papers in particular and the world in general ought to be very thankful. "Guile Wears a Coronet" is Mr. Vaizey's first full-length book, but he has written many short stories, the plots of which he says come to him when he is in the air. He is an air pilot of experience, and helped to start the Auxiliary Air Force.

The "Personality" of London.

THE spell of London is, I believe, as difficult to analyse as is every spell in life—including love. Nevertheless, London does undoubtedly cast a spell over all those who have learnt to know her as she is. And, like all people who are best worth knowing, she is not easy to know at first acquaintance. I have heard people condemn her because she makes them feel lonely. I have heard other people, including myself, who love her, simply because she is about the only place we know where we can be beautifully alone without feeling lonely—which, metaphorically speaking, the middle of a desert or the peak of a mountain can often make us feel. If I can't be in the middle of a wood, or surrounded only by field or common, then London suits me very well. In a London street we are at least anonymous. Nobody knows us: nobody cares. It is rather like watching the human pageant without being mixed up in its stress and its turmoil and its everlasting chatter. To some people this is crushing, because most people appear to yearn to be in the centre of a crowd, and to be on nodding acquaintance with at least half of it. Otherwise, they feel lost and of no account. (Which most of us are, anyway, though we will go to almost any lengths to hide the truth from ourselves.) London, if you be not to a great extent self-contained, can easily prick the bubble of your self-importance. On the other hand, if you do not care two hoots about your importance, but love life simply for the variety of its experiences, London is a perpetual mental entertainment. It is the only place I know where you can happily live your own life in your own way. Everybody is so busy over their own affairs that they are not interested in yours. Which is a restful consummation devoutly to be blessed if you have lived for long in a smaller place, where your business interests everybody.



AT THE BEVERLEY NICHOLS'S "REVUE" PARTY

Lord Killanin and Mr. A. W. Lawrence, brother of Lawrence of Arabia, at a party given by Mr. Jonathan Cape, the famous publisher, to Miss Frances Day, renowned on the stage and the films, to whom Mr. Beverley Nichols has dedicated this bright and brilliantly written novel all about the stage, and its little—and also big—ways

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Personally, the moment I step out of the train at Victoria Station, I feel that I have suddenly been given the Freedom of Anonymity. Even of Invisibility—so far as the avoidance of barging or being barged-into is synonymous with being ignored. It is extremely unlikely that I shall suddenly run into someone I know. And that alone is a mental rest-cure. Or even if I am unfortunate enough to bump unexpectedly into Mr. Brown or Mrs. Robinson or Miss Smith, they are certain to be about their own lawful or unlawful occasions, and so the smile of hail and the nod of farewell suffices for all of us. And that, perhaps, is one of the charms of London. In London, people are always so busy. They may only be busy amusing themselves, or seeking amusement, but, at any rate, they are actively engaged. It gives the atmosphere a tonic quality which no other city in this country possesses. Get-out-or-get-under may be cruel, but, at least, it trims everyday existence of its boring inessentials. Only the rich have the leisure to surround their lives with decorative flap-doodle. The rest of us have to be up early and doing. It makes a huge city very alert. And it is this alertness which gives London its bracing quality. One isn't mentally alert, for example, in X; one is even less alert at Y. One cannot, I suppose, feel excessively alive anywhere where the majority of the inhabitants have come to make themselves comfortable, preparatory to death.

In the country, a funeral always seems part of the quiet beauty of nature. A hearse rushing through a London street doesn't seem to belong to anything—at least, not much more than a dust-cart. It leaves not a trace behind it and is, as likely as otherwise, to be hooted out of the way by an impatient taxi-cab.

The sight should make us humble by giving us at least a glimpse into our own insignificance. And, having at last realised our own unimportance, the pageant of life, as an inexhaustible form of intelligent entertainment, becomes brighter than ever. And in London that pageant is for ever passing, for ever changing its form and colour, for ever playing out before our eyes—real comedy, real tragedy, or that more common aspect of both, the comedy which turns into tragedy, and the tragedy which Time transforms into a laugh. And because everybody is, so to speak, anonymous, there are far fewer masks on exhibition. Just a brief visit to a crowded tea-shop will reveal countless stories; some you make up yourself, others told so vividly you might actually be listening to their recitation. And, just

as the human scene is always changing, so in London you can almost as easily as winking change your whole back-ground. If you are bored by the vapid luxury of Piccadilly and the vulgar, ostentatious Park Lane, you can, at your ease, wander into that foreign land, with its English veneer, which is Soho. The sight of monstrous blocks of flats may depress you, but within a comparatively short walk you can be back, outwardly anyway, into the eighteenth century amid the backways of Bloomsbury; or into the Victorian era among the by-streets of Campden Hill, Pimlico, or, dingly, around the Elephant and Castle. When you have ceased to wonder at so many women having nothing to do except to gaze devoutly into the shop windows of Oxford Street and Regent Street, you can flee to the City, where people are busily occupied, or farther East, where life has, perforce, to be a snatch and a grab with a laugh thrown in. Again, the free entertainments of London are perpetual, while a step over the doorstep into the National Gallery, into

(Continued on page 196)

FAMILY PORTRAITURE

Lady O'Neill and Her Children

LADY O'NEILL WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER,
THE HON. RAYMOND AND THE HON. FIONA O'NEILLMOUNTED INFANTRY: THE HON. RAYMOND
O'NEILL DOES GROOM TO HIS SISTER

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the South Kensington Museum, into the British Museum, or into all those smaller museums which few Londoners seem ever to have heard of, will in an instant take you out of London, modern London, altogether.

To know London, to feel London, and to love London you must enjoy it *mentally*, with the intellect, rather than with the emotions. Then, though the tragedy of disappearing London will be still acute—as all vandalism is an outrage against something which has made life more beautiful, and, heaven knows, life requires all the beauty it can find!—the tragedy will be tempered by that rather grim curiosity which seeks to understand just how the modern mind is going to express itself next in concrete manifestation. London, however, I am bound to confess, is not the place for the poverty-stricken. Though, even so—and this against my social conscience—to see real enjoyment one has to go East, rather than West, and for real intelligence, to say nothing of good manners, to sit in the gallery or the pit, rather than in the dress circle or the stalls. Moreover, London does suffer from the awful handicap of being so difficult, unless you have money, to get away from. The only consolation is that so many people, when they do get away, have moments of almost overwhelming desire to go back again. It is, I suppose, the personality of London which attracts. That continually varying, that alert personality which may often tire, but never, unless you feel run down or ill, bores.

And it is this personality which is presented by Mr. Ashley Smith in his story of London's everyday—"A City Stirs" (Chapman and Hall; 5s.)—almost better than I have ever met it presented before. His book takes us on a kind of zig-zagging tour of London, starting at midnight and ending at midnight the next day; and yet in that twenty-four hours of travel we have got to know London better than if we had lived there for years; yet seen as, strangely enough, most Londoners only see, the small routine of an apparently unadventurous life. To a certain extent the book treats of London as a distinct personality. It is not a tour of inspection; it is a tour of psychological investigation. And, just as a mind is made up of beauty and ugliness, convictions and contradictions, weakness and strength, or, again, sense and puerility, so London is as much character as it is a city. I sometimes wonder if Manchester, Birmingham or Liverpool give to their returned natives quite so much the impression of coming back home to someone they know well, as London does to those who have once lived there for any length of time? Perhaps they do. Perhaps every once well-known place gives this strange impression of personality to those who return there after absence. So that even a real improvement is as dismaying as if one left one's mother as a blonde and came home again to find her a blonde.

In London, however, there is something about it which never seems to change, no matter how many house-breakers knock her about. A kind of psychological endurance. A spirit which Mr. Ashley Smith has caught in his descriptive passage of the surroundings of St. Paul's: "All the elements of vastness and primordial strength, that have led poets to seize nature itself as a symbol through which to express their search for immortal and immemorial spirit, are here, too. Vastness, permanence, magnificence, the beauty of firmness and unity in these buildings. They do not challenge nature.

They do not challenge the night sky. In their grimness, the darkness of their walls, they make no attempt to challenge the ephemeral beauty of the drifting night clouds or the soft glittering of the far-away stars. They stand aloof from that beauty. But in their iron permanence they stand aloof from lesser ephemeralness, too. They keep their dignity, as they will keep it from the rushing selfishness of the crowds bustling through them during the day. Between the stars and the gutters they have their own place, too. More, in this night, there is a spirit brooding in them. Along their walls, between their streets, underneath the shadows that meet overhead, there is the spirit of the city. Of the memory, of the sufferings, the pleasure, the striving of millions of people, living and dead; of the standing, the building, the fall and decay of a thousand years of things, is the spirit, the soul, the psyche of this city of London, this single, safe-moored monument of stone made . . ." Perhaps Mr. Ashley Smith's book is a book for London-lovers alone. Not, perhaps, for those denizens of London who use it simply as a city of business or amusement, but for those people to whom London is a vast, insoluble mystery—the whole mystery of human life in its eternal struggle after mysterious ends. Sad, often unaccountable, yet entirely absorbing.

Thoughts from "A City Stirs."

"This history of the city is
 T a history of the weak.
It is the escape from rivers
and mountains and forests
and winds and stars. It is
the space man has cleared for
himself in the battle for life."

"Figures that would flinch
before the wide sweep of the
world fit comfortably into
niches. . . . Those tormented
in their wide, outside life find
refuge in this narrower one
inside walls and gates."

"Given food and shelter
man wants beauty to console
his heart, solitude to pacify
his mind."

Play-writing and Other Things.

And now I find that I have
left myself little room to
write of another book which
is very interesting—"The Art
of the Play" (Pitman; 7s. 6d.),
by Mr. Hermon Ould. This
book, mathematically speaking,
is one-third analysis of drama
as an essential outlet for
human ideas and emotions;
one-third a treatise on how to
write a successful play, or,
at least a play as a complete
art-form; and one-third a
critical analysis of the more
famous modern plays and
modern dramatists. Thus it
is a history, a survey, and a

manual. It will interest, consequently, every student of the theatre and every play-goer who takes his play-going, not merely as an entertainment, but as a mental and emotional inspiration. It is equally a book for the actor and the budding dramatist.

Thoughts from "The Art of the Play."

"The purpose of rules in art is to aid the artist in his search
 for an ideal medium, not to dictate to him and restrict
him."

"To do things solely for their own sake is not a human
characteristic."

"A human being is not self-sufficient; he exists as much
in his relationship to other human beings as in his relationship
to his own soul."

"Showing-off is of no value to the shower-off unless he has
something with which to impress his fellows. A foolish child
who shows off is a tiresome object; he is a much more
tiresome object if he has nothing to crow about."



MRS. GEORGE BAIRD AND HER CHILDREN

A recently taken portrait of the wife of Major George Baird, Seaford Highlanders, who is a kinsman of Sir David Baird. Mrs. Baird is the youngest daughter of a very famous former Master of the Quorn, Captain Frank Forester. He had them from 1905 to 1918, and it is on record that on occasion he hunted hounds off the dual winner of the Cambridgeshire, Christmas Daisy (1909-1910)

WHO'S WHO AT DEL MONTE, CAL.



MR. AND MRS. EARL HOPPING

MISS BETTY AND MISS PAT KELLY, WITH
SOME OF OUR INTERNATIONAL PONIES

MR. AND MRS. CONVERSE

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HOWARD
AND MAJOR N. W. LEAFMRS. PAUL WINSLOW, THE HON. BRUCE
GRIMSTON AND MISS KATHERINE ELKINSLORD AND LADY KNOLLYS IN
MRS. ELKINS' CACTUS GARDEN

These pictures ought to interest all the polo-minded, for they include some of the British International polo team's ponies, which will be played by Mr. Aidan Roark, if he is eventually selected as one of our "storm-troopers," and Major N. W. Leaf, who is Master of the Horse to the whole British polo stud. As everybody probably knows, he is an ex-15th/19th Hussar and a first-class exponent of the right way to play the polo game. The first International match is provisionally fixed for June 5, at the customary battle-ground at Meadowbrook. No one really knows what sort of chance we have. The ladies with the ponies are very well known at the Ferne Polo Club, Dorset, and have been playing in California. Earl Hopping, former American polo international, and his charming bride, who is also keen on the game, were looking very pleased with life when snapshotted; and so were Mr. and Mrs. Converse, he being another polo enthusiast and playing hard at the moment. Mr. Charles Howard is another polo fan. The Hon. Bruce Grimston, Lord Verulam's son, "stopped off" in California on his way round the world; and Lord and Lady Knollys were "shot" in Mrs. Elkins' wonderful cactus garden at her ranch in Carmel Valley.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BEAT
ROYAL WIMBLEDON

Cambridge won their first match of the term in pouring rain at Wimbledon, when they beat the defenders by 11 matches to 7. In the top foursome, the Cambridge captain and the Canadian Blue, S. G. Dalley, defeated the home pair by 6 and 4. The names in the above picture are, left to right: R. Rutherford (Royal Wimbledon), who got his revenge in the singles by defeating Langley 3 and 2; S. G. Dalley (Canada and Emmanuel), John D. Langley (Stowe and Trinity), and "Solly" Hill (Royal Wimbledon). Dalley, who was absent all last term having his appendix out, was playing for Cambridge for the first time since the Inter-Varsity match in March 1938.

HARDENED golfers who have endured the agonies of Walker Cups and championship finals will assure you that never in their lives have they been so mortally terrified as when they played in their first University trial. I have played neither in Walker Cups nor championship finals—not, at least, in this country—but I can endorse their opinion. I have played in a University trial. Never shall I forget the day. I had played only once before at Mildenhall, when a fellow who had been in the same house at school kindly took me out for a practice round in his side-car. The nine-holes course had seemed pretty straightforward, and I had gone round with no great difficulty in 78. That night I went round the course several times again in bed, and could see no reason why, allowing for reasonable ill-fortune, I should in future take more than 74. Soon the great day arrived, and an assortment of pallid and quaking young gentlemen assembled at the club-house to do battle for the five places available in the team, while other slightly more mature young gentlemen, whose handsome blue scarves showed them to be for ever immune from such indignities, gathered to watch the fun. We all eyed each other rather warily. That, surely, must be X—reputedly a boy champion and plus 1 in Scotland—knocking off the daisies with a truly professional air. Over there were the famous twin brothers, whose places were already assured. Still, the course was easy enough, and I felt sure that my 74 would earn me a further trial. I cannot remember much of that round now—thank Heaven!—but I do know the total was 85. As I walked off the last green I thought my golfing career had come to an untimely end, but when they came to check up the cards I know I was easily in the first ten.

In those days—which I may say were only a mere ten years ago—anything under 80 was reckoned something of an achievement in a University trial. Nowadays it is nothing. Oxford and Cambridge have just held their trials and undergraduates have been holing Mildenhall and Southfield indecently in 73 and 72. I have been seeking an explanation, struggling to find an adequate substitute for

Concerning Golf

By HENRY LONGHURST

the obvious reason, which I will not admit—namely, that they play golf rather better than we did. The courses have not altered. Can we blame it all on our old enemy, the modern ball? I hardly think so. I think perhaps the clubs have as much to do with it. I don't believe the young gentlemen of to-day could go round Mildenhall in 73 with my set of miscellaneous hickory-shafted implements of 1928. But, whatever the reason, the ball does in fact go a great deal farther to-day, and Mildenhall at least has shrunk with the passing of those ten years. I was never a long hitter myself—in any case, I had a permanent slice, because in those days we did not make a great study of the game and nobody ever thought to tell me to hang on with my left hand—but we had one or two mighty hitters in the team and I remember exactly where their ball was wont to finish in various kinds of weather. Nowadays anyone can hit it that far, and the genuine three-shot hole is a comparative rarity. Mildenhall in our day was reckoned a fiendish course for a medal round. Once, by a series of unparalleled flukes on the putting greens, I went round in 67—and celebrated for days on the strength of it. Last term one of the students holed it in 65 and broke 70 four times in a single week; another remarked to me that Mildenhall must be the easiest course in the world on which to do a low score. Really, I don't know what things are coming to.

Cambridge seem to have quite a formidable team this year, and there is every indication at the moment that they will win the University match at Sandwich. They have won a good many of their Saturday games against the London clubs, while Oxford have yet to win one at all. For all that, things quite often turn out extraordinarily perversely in the University match, and if I were an Oxford supporter I should not give up hope.

To conclude on another topic, you may remember that some extremely rude things have been written in this column, none of which I retract, on the subject of the illicit traffic in golf balls. Human nature being what it is, there will always be a few amateur golfers who are in the business for what they can make out of it, but this dirty work with golf balls has been threatening to corrupt the whole game. Nothing has yet been done, but I am assured that



Photos: Stuart

JOHN P. MANN

The Eton and Pembroke freshman, who is in the running for a golf Blue at Cambridge. He skippered the Eton XI. in 1937, and ended up top of the batting and bowling averages. He is the younger son of F. T. Mann, the famous Middlesex and England cricket captain—a grand bat

the bomb will go off any minute now. Some of the manufacturers are as hostile to this practice as I am—which is saying something—but their hand has been to a certain extent forced by the others. There is now a reasonable prospect that within the month the Royal and Ancient, possibly with the co-operation of the Professional Golfers' Association, who have on their files enough evidence to convict at least a hundred "amateur" golfers, will have come to an agreement with the manufacturers, guilty and innocent alike, to abandon a practice that was rapidly bringing discredit to the game.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE LEEDS GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The Leeds Golf Club is situated at Cobble Hall some four miles from the city, overlooking Roundhay Park, one of the most beautiful in England. The club was formed in 1896, but the present course was not laid out until 1905, since when it has been altered and brought up to date and is now a good test of golf in ideal surroundings. The course is on Corporation land and has a membership of over 400 all told. The view from the club-house is truly magnificent, and the same expression equally describes the hospitality of the members, some of whom "Mel" has kindly collected for us on this page

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 192)

From the Heythrop—(continued).

out, and after seeing the Heythrop bitches, what price the Black and Tans? Quite a lot of falls, especially amongst the ladies: Lorna is becoming a law unto herself, and evidently Daphne is a fair flower who does not like being stuck to a wall. Of the gentlemen, let it be said it was a case of on with the gauntlets but off with the Mytton. Very few went on to Stow Bridge Copse, where, after a quick burst, hounds very appropriately killed near Lower Slaughter.

From the Warwickshire.

Such a large and "Hope-against-hope" crowd came to the meet at Kineton last Saturday that the Masters felt they must have a bye-day to comfort them all, and so we have hunted four days in a row—entailing quite a lot of juggling both with hounds and horses. Each day has been an extra good one, and Thursday, from Thelsford, reached what some journalists would describe as the crescendo of sport, and we had ninety-five minutes of the very best from Fir Tree Hill, and, better still, over the fairest of country, including the Chesterton Point-to-Point Course with hounds really racing. I don't believe hounds have ever hunted better—to kill the same fox they started with after touching three or four coverts, including the full length of Chesterton Wood twice: a six-mile point, and, for this country, the going could not well have been deeper. The first visit of the Bicester's Master and amateur huntsman and his lady was well timed and most welcome; also our old friend Guy, from the "North." He most always heralds a good fox-hunt when his broad back appears with our hounds. John Cowdray and Anne Bridgeman to marry! We like to think a great deal of it has been concocted while hunting with us.

Such a bumper hunt meeting, and the most graceful of speeches by the two Masters, and by W. de B., valedictory to the passing régime and to welcome "Mud" and the new one; also, what was in all our hearts, our warmest thanks to Ronnie for unfailing and successful guidance.

From the York and Ainsty.

By the time this appears in print, let's hope the country has dried up a bit, but as I write there's more water in the fields than has been known for at least fifteen seasons. Because of the state of the ground, the Bedale suspended operations last week, which led to repercussions in our own country in the shape of a friendly invasion by a number of Bedale-ites, reinforced by some eminent Craven Harriers. This meant both our Masters intimating in the papers that we couldn't do with non-subscribers till our country was less wet, and this again led to sundry pathetic enquiries whether the ban applied to So-and-So, who was staying with X and had come all the way from Shropshire for a few days' hunting. However, these restrictions may no longer be necessary.

Thursday (January 19) saw the South pack at Skipwith, with a field of about twenty-five. This is supposed to be our least good country, being mostly common and plough, but every meet here this season has invariably been followed by a good hunt, and so it was in this case. After a short gallop from the Back Common to Thorganby, where they lost, hounds found on the main common, and after describing a wide left-handed curve past Cliffe Wood, Menthorpe and Bubwith Bridge, killed in the open near North Duffield—forty minutes. The North pack, meeting at Loftus Hill on the same day, had three nice little hunts of about half an hour each.

On Saturday (21st) the Southerners met at Hawkhill for the first time since it became an anti-gas school. It was pouring with rain, and after Commander and Mrs. Austin had dispensed hospitality, a fox was found immediately in the Old Wood. Hounds got a grand start and ran a six-and-a-half-mile point to Helperby Hall, not a soul being with them. It was a sad business—no one's fault, as they went away at a great pace, the weather was misty, and the going so deep that no one could keep up. The hunt staff and field spent nearly three hours riding about in the rain asking for news, and in the end found hounds near the Derrings: it was by then too late and too wet to draw again.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Every day we have had a ducking and one dreads to think what the going will be like if it ever starts to dry up a bit. Castlecombe is not one of the most popular meets, but the small field that turned up was rewarded with a

first-class hunt in the morning, the old dog-hounds being seen at their best. Tuesday at Chavenage Green was rather disappointing, but the large field got very excited when we clashed with the Berkeley at Cranmore, and we hunted together for a time. Wednesday at Horton saw Holland hunting the bitch pack in Master's absence, and it literally poured and poured, and one couldn't expect any fun; but Friday at Boxwell was a very different story, scent being excellent, and hounds ran fast all day—in fact, nearly everyone got lost. Saturday Master was back again at the rendezvous at Badminton Station, and we had a first-class day's sport over some of the best of the Saturday country.

From the Grafton.

That particular curse of all hunting folk, foot-and-mouth, is with us once more and puts most of the Friday meets out of bounds. They met at Foster's Booth on Monday and drew Astcote Thorns, Bushey End, Grubbs and Grimscoe before finding in Maidford Wood. From there they ran to Lichborough village and back to Maidford; out again to Blakesley village, leaving Maidford Wood on the left, to Lichborough Spinneys and on to Knightley Wood and Mantle's Heath. They then drew Everdon Stubbs, and finding again—or possibly hunting the same fox—they ran through Stowe and past Dodford, to lose their fox near Brockhall. Friday's meet at Green's Park was cancelled, but that night the Grafton Hunt ball was held at Stowe School. It was arranged and run entirely by our Master's wife, Lady Cadogan, and I think we must all admit she has a genius for organising. The lighting was perfect, and the great hall where everyone danced was set off to the greatest advantage. The supper, too, was the best ever! Everyone was in grand form, and there was an excellent cabaret with that well-known artist Edward Cooper. A fair-sized field turned up for the "after-the-ball" meet at Courteenhall, where lavish hospitality was given by Sir Hereward and Lady Wake. A very useful day ensued, with the going rather like a quagmire. They had a good forty minutes' run, but it's a pity that bit of country is so wired.

Meynell Musings.

Etwall Hall was the rendezvous on Thursday, and everyone was hospitably entertained by Colonel and Mrs. Dawson. A very enjoyable fast hunt followed, but unfortunately our pilot led us a bad line in the latter part of it to ground on the Sewage Farm. Nothing much was done until the evening from the Gravel Pits, when we had a good gallop of forty minutes. The whole country was cast in gloom over the death of Barbara, the kindest and most popular person, and in consequence hounds did not hunt on Saturday. On Monday, in stormy weather from Darley Moor, we again enjoyed capital sport, the morning hunt of thirty minutes being very fast and straight. Our ladies have been getting the worst of it lately, Nora unfortunately falling on the flat and breaking her collar-bone, whilst Mrs. Armon had a bad fall in the Tuesday hunt and has injured her pelvis. We wish them both a speedy recovery. Dick had a nasty fall on the road and was lucky not to have broken himself up more.

From the South Cheshire.

Monday, other than the meet itself at Tilstone Lodge, proved a moderate day, very. It also ear-marked the departure of the Martins. One only hopes they enjoyed being here as much as we enjoyed having them. Tuesday proved the best day of the season to date. Quite a nice hunt of forty-five minutes from Bulls Wood before losing this fox in the vicinity of Sound; later, ten lovely minutes from the Bache House, unfortunately to ground at Moss Hall, when we all thought we were booked through for the proper trip. Having quickly killed an outlier near Bunbury Locks, hounds hunted really well with another by Tilstone Big Wood over the Calveley Wettenhall country, pointing at times for "Ashbrook and Blaketton." Seventy-five minutes, with a five-mile point. In a weight-for-age contest framed amongst the small field which took part, Gordon Lockett, I suppose, would be top weight, and he has now most assuredly incurred a 7-lb. penalty. No one enjoyed it more or saw it better than "Bill" (the Master), who held the guinea seats all the way. It is comparatively easy, one is told, to go well on a good horse that one knows, but to set sail on an entirely unknown quantity to the tune Phyllis Tomkinson did on Friday from the Castle Bank Cholmondeley into the Hampton country was amazing to watch even from a long way off. Saturday, two nice hunts of fifty minutes ended a good week's sport.

*Harlip, New Bond Street*

A HAMPSHIRE HOSTESS: LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE

Here we have a very charming "young married," the wife of the fourteenth holder of a seventeenth-century baronetcy. The former Miss Antonia Snagge has various claims to distinction, among them the fact that she is a twin, sharing a birthday with Mrs. Esmond Baring. These twin sisters, who come last in Sir Harold and Lady Snagge's agreeable family of two sons and four daughters, both married in 1936. Up till that time they were always about together, and they still see a tremendous lot of each other. Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne have a London address, 36, Curzon Street, but they are more often to be found at Tichborne Park, their Hampshire home. A baby girl arrived last year

AN IRISH HUNT BALL

Lord and Lady Kildare at home
to the North Kilkenny



MUSIC, MAESTRO, PLEASE! MAJOR "HUBY" WATT, M.F.H.,
AND HIS UNITED HUNT BAND AT BALLYRAGGET HOUSE

A particularly inspiriting feature of the North Kilkenny Hunt's good ball, for which the senior joint-Master and Lady Kildare lent their house, was Major "Huby" Watt's band, which the Master of the United brought up from County Cork. This group shows Mr. J. McElroy, Miss Sheelagh Blundell, Major "Huby" Watt, and Mr. D. Dineen properly in the swing. Mrs. Watt often plays in the band, too, but preferred to dance this time. Lord Kildare (for whom see below) hunts the East side of the country with his own pack, and it is possible that he may carry on alone next season when his "joint," Mr. R. C. Prior-Wandesforde, goes as Master to the Westmeath. Miss Solly-Flood is Brig.-General Solly-Flood's daughter



MR. D. C. MITCHELL AND MISS
R. McMORROUGH-KAVANAGH



MAJOR ROBERT DARLEY LIGHTS
UP FOR MRS. "HUBY" WATT



LORD KILDARE, M.F.H., LADY KILDARE, AND MISS B. SOLLY-FLOOD



MR. PRIOR-WANDESFORDE, M.F.H.,
DANCING WITH HIS WIFE



Photographs: Poole, Dublin
MR. GEORGE PONSONBY AND
MISS DOREEN PONSONBY

The house-party at Ballyragget House for the North Kilkenny Ball was a sizable one, and included Miss Rolline McMorrrough-Kavanagh, Lady Kildare's débütante sister; she was soon booked up, among her partners being Mr. Mitchell, whose father, Major C. Mitchell, is one of the committee hunting the Kildare. Mr. George and Miss Doreen Ponsonby are the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ponsonby, of Kilcooley Abbey, Co. Tipperary, and have an admirable aunt in popular Mrs. George Paynter

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!



THE YOUNG IDEA AT GSTAAD: DAVID METCALFE AND SISTERS DAVINA AND LINDA



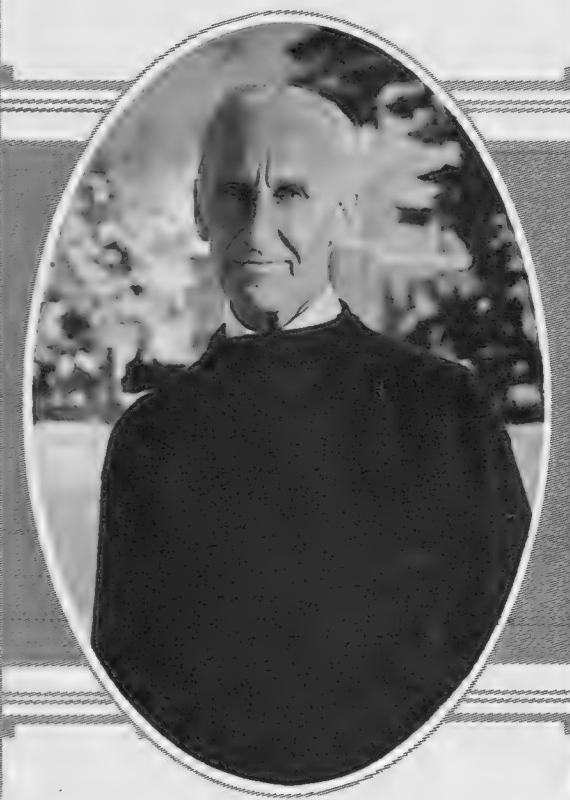
LORD MONKBRETTON BOWS TO THE CAMERA



THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER AND THE BEGUM ALY KHAN



ON THE WINSPIELLEN: H.S.H. PRINCESS ANTOINETTE OF MONACO

STAYING AT AROSA:
THE EARL OF LYTTONTHE EX-VICE-CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA:
PRINCE ERNST RUDIGER VON STARHEMBERG

Judging by the crowds that are leaving London daily for the Swiss resorts, that country must be having the season of its lifetime. It certainly is a joy to get away from a country where the only topic of conversation is the date of the next war. The first four photographs deal with Gstaad, which is packed, and it is hoped that the great bogey of all winter-sporters has disappeared by now—the thaw. The three children of Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe were snapped while doing a little gentle lugeing in the village street. Lord Monk Bretton succeeded to the title in 1933, and lives with his mother, Lady Monk Bretton, at Conyboro, Lewes. Lord Churston's two sisters, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller and the Aly Khan's wife, were snapped at the "second chalet" on the Winspillein, as also was H.S.H. Princess Antoinette of Monaco. She is the daughter of the Hereditary Princess of Monaco, the Duchesse de Valentinois. Lord Lytton was staying at Arosa, where the Swiss Figure Skating Championships and the Dutch Ski Championships were held. Prince Starhemberg, former Heimwehr Führer and ex-Vice-Chancellor of Austria, is now living with his actress wife, Nora Gregor, and his son, Heini, in a charming chalet near St. Gervais, in strict incognito. The photograph shows him on height of Mount Arbou, near Mégève.

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la
CARTE



Vic Oliver, the Compere &
Vera Haal, "The Dot-Chester Hale
Girls present a RUSSIAN CIRCUS
"La Russie" dance, JOHN
HOYSRADT impersonates and
Jack Jackson conducts.

DEsign for Laughter, at the Dorchester, is a model for supper-shows that

intend the greatest fun for the greatest number of those who like to laugh over *Friend de Volaille Rossini*. It is sharp, slick, lightly satirical; it is gay without being noisy; its wisecracks have the allusive wit that flatters all who get the quickly seen point; the timing in all the turns is as exact as the strokes of 10 p.m. and midnight (when it opens twice-nightly); it is inconsequential but civilised; it neither croons, yearns, blue-hoos nor goes in for "dirty-dirty-dirty songs"; the band is contagious, the dance-girls are beautiful but brisk, each of its three principals is an artist in this or that. Vic Oliver, surely, was born to be the master of crazy ceremonies for this kind of entertainment. His insults come off so neatly that you can almost hear the click, whether they be directed at a colleague ("And now, Mr. er-er, who needs no introduction—so they tell me"), the crowd in front ("Ladies and Gentlemen—at least, that's my personal opinion"), or himself ("I may not be so good, but, my God, I'm different!"). He continues to fiddle, enough off-key to be funny but not so badly as to make good men suffer. He is a brilliant droll and, despite the white tie and the polished patter, a bit of a Grock. John Hoysradt, also prominent in the bill, is

an impersonator less of people than of types, and, beyond that, of nations. Within a few minutes he can give you, in vocal caricature, the impressionist guts of average political speeches in five languages: he is by turn frightfully English, wickedly French, grotesquely Italian, hypnotically Deutsch, absurdly Rooseveltian. In face of his international satire, even the waiters lose gravity. And his version of a Harley Street consultant soft-soaping an opulent Mrs. Fothergill is much relished by an opulent clientèle that presumably includes numbers of Mrs. Fothergills. As for Vera Haal, she has looks, personality and an alluring but penetrating voice that is proof against any rattle of forks. For preference, supper-shows are not in my line more often than once in a while; but I thoroughly enjoyed this one.

THE pretty picture on the right is of Clarkson Rose who, at the Lyceum, is every inch, and square yard, a pantomime Queen. To do justice to the killing dress, the bosom's fetching pink and the arresting hair in barmaid-gold, it should have been printed in colour. Here is a very human and confidential Dame. Do the audience and orchestra insist on substituting Good King Wenceslas for the Queen's chorus-song? Then she will register, in turn, sublime hauteur, spiteful tongue-sticking, arresting tears. Having coaxed from the conductor that he gets £50 a week, she cannot hide her feeling that it is too much; but £13 a week for the First 'Cello is only what he deserves, given that, with his ten children, he is less a musician than a manufacturer. Another excellent turn in *Queen of Hearts* is the Græco-Lyceum Ballet done in slow motion by the O'Gorman Brothers and their partners, and the same team's athletic dance with a dummy body. A third is the scene where detectives operate a motor-bus; for no reason except that the whole company can be funny that way. A fourth is the terrific tempest that tears down the King's card-castle. The Grand Fairy Ballet is, as usual, resplendent but too long. Nancy Fraser, as Principal Boy, sings much and pleasantly, mostly about love and all that. Alfred Burdon joins the comedians with endearing knavery. This pantomime, in fact, is first-class in humour, though hardly so in décor (some of the dresses are excruciating). And it is nice to find a pantomime still being written in Lyceum rhyme: thus the King, after the theft of the tarts—"It's true, Great Waverley and Walter Scott!—Someone's been and gone and pinched the blooming lot!"—A. B.



FROM THE LYCEUM PACK: (ALOFT) CLARKSON ROSE; (BELOW) NANCY FRASER, ANNE LESLIE, ALFRED BURDON

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER—The other day I flew for the first time and found, to my surprise, that I was not, as I had shamefacedly imagined, alone in my dread of coming down faster than I went up. Quite a few of my fellow *débutants* were as jittery as I was. Air crashes are such a darn sight more spectacular than road accidents that, when one has put off one's *baptême de l'air* to such a ripe old age as mine, one makes rather a song and dance about one's first visit to the clouds. I hate altitudes! Mountains, roof-gardens, the flag platform of the Eiffel Tower, and all that: therefore I had always declared that the aeroplane must come to me, since no power on earth could take me to it. However, Fate, wearing the natty blue uniform of Air-France, intervened and trundled a beautiful silver Bloch to within twenty feet of where I was sitting at a flower-decked table and suggested that me an' my pals might like to take coffee some couple o' thousand metres up above Le Bourget. My pals being most of the top-liners actually gracing the theatre bill-boards of Paris, I might, perhaps, have put them first, but, after all, *on n'est jamais si bien servi que par soi-même*, modesty is not the best policy, and I'm the bloke wot writes this page.

The gathering took place in honour of the 250th performance of *Jours Heureux*, young André Puget's young play about young people at the Théâtre Michel, and Robert Trébor was, of course, the organiser of the party. Stars and lesser stars, satellites and mere journalists arrived at the airport by various wheel-barrow, carriage, car(t) modes of locomotion, spoke into the "Radio '37 mike," greeted each other with facts and fancies, imbibed pale likkers, and then seated themselves around the above-mentioned flower-decked tables, where champagne buckets also abounded. It was a merry party, as Robert Trébor's parties always are, but with an occasional awkward hush when aircraft arrived from afar and green-visaged passengers descended. The *salle d'honneur* of Le Bourget, where the party took place, overlooks the landing-stage, and from where I sat it was obvious to me that air-sickness beats the ornery kind of *mal de mer* into a cocked hat—or do I mean paper bag? Quite a few of us at once decided to put off the initiation. I compromised by giving the mayonnaise a miss and hoping for the best, and we all talked, very loudly, about anything except flying. Maurice Magre, first secretary at the Élysée, started to explain why President Lebrun's very beautiful Burmese pussy was not present at the Wagram cat show, and, on my left, André Warnod began to tell us the inside story of the Guity-Delubac divorce. I tried to listen to both at the same time, with the result that I shall never be quite sure whether it was pussy who went a-roaming with disastrous results or Guity!

Henry Bernstein's recent acquisition of the Ambassadeurs Theatre is good news. The Gymnase, where, during the last umpteen years, so many of Bernstein's most successful plays have been produced, is old-fashioned and dowdy compared with the Ambassadeurs, and so terribly far away from everything. Now that the Champs-Élysées district has become one of the bright spots of Paris-by-night, the Gymnase end of the *grands boulevards* is positively suburban. Alice Cocéa, who plays lead and who produced Jean Cocteau's remarkable money-maker, *Les Parents Terribles*, which has migrated from the Ambass. to the Bouffes Parisiens, was at the party. She wore the most adorable Salvation Army bonnet and looked about eighteen. Despite the fact that she also produced



Star Presse

ROSINE DERÉAN

The pretty young Parisienne who has made a very palpable hit, bang in the centre of the target, in the amusing comedy *Le Nez de Cléopâtre*, by Leopold Marchand and Crocikia, which is packing the Marigny Theatre. Rosine Deréan has also screen successes to her credit, and in private life she is the wife of the well-known and popular French actor, Claude Dauphin



Studio Vital

LITTLE MLE. CHAUVIRE

A very young member of the Grand Opera House Corps de Ballet, who already holds the rank of *première danseuse*. The balletomanes are unanimous in predicting great things for Chauvire

Love On The Dole some time ago and that some of her boy friends are summat red, I refuse to believe that she has gone as Bolshie as it is said. It is true that I refused to believe it about Renaud de Jouvenel, and yet look at the beastly little book, "Commune Mesure," which this youngster has just published. It defeats its own ends by its childish violence, but, even so, it oozes such hatred and injustice towards the very people who have done so much for the author that it makes one feel rather sick. He was such a nice brat, too, at the sailor-suit age, even though he did hate washing. What a pity he had to grow up to collarless manhood!

Another book that has appeared this week comes to us in memory of Edouard Champion, whom we dearly loved. It is the fifth volume of the year-book of the "Comédie Française." The short preface, written in February 1938, a few weeks before his death, by Edouard Champion himself, is very moving. He simply states that, until the month of July, 1937, he was able to set down the records of the Comédie, and that when he was stopped "par l'Implacable, par Celle qui s'attache à vous et vous consume," his wife and some devoted friends, headed by Paul Vinson, carried on the work he was unable to finish. Mrs. Champion is English and well known to the English habitués of Le Touquet, since her husband was vice-Mayor of that delightful *plage*. It must have been a bitter-sweet labour of love to finish and bring this volume before the public, and the deep gratitude we owe her mingle with the pain we feel when the book is opened and Champion's smiling face is seen on the front page.

Oh . . . and about my first flight? Did I like it? Well, I went up and I came down safely in every way, but I shall never make a habit of it! Draw your own conclusion!

PRISCILLA,



GREER GARSON—MRS. CHIPS IN THE "GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS" FILM

This film of the famous stage play will be finished at the M.G.M. Denham Studios in about a week from the date of publication of this attractive picture of the heroine to Robert Donat's hero. If rumour speaks the truth, M.G.M. will do their best to dissuade Greer Garson from ever reverting to the stage proper, for they see in her one of their biggest future stars. It was her performance in *Old Music* that convinced them that here was an actress to be enlisted at almost any cost, and her acting in *Mr. Chips* has more than confirmed the film company's belief. *Mr. Chips* was mainly shot at Repton, to the great entertainment and delight of the lads and the town! No actual date has been yet announced for the London *premiere*, but it will probably be some time in April. Greer Garson, incidentally, was one of the first Television stars, and we leave it to the verdict of the public as to whether she photographs well

THE STRATFORD



A POPULAR WARWICKSHIRE COUPLE:
MAJOR AND MRS. C. H. GREGORY-HOOD



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES
CAMPBELL, OF JURA

HOSPITAL BALL



THE HON. ROSAMUND DORMER AND
MR. ALAN GREGORY-HOOD



THE HON. MRS. EMMET AND CAPTAIN FOSTER



MISS HELEN BRIAR ROSE

The Stratford-on-Avon Hospital Ball, held recently at the Welcombe Hotel, was a very smart function, with everyone turning up in the fullest fig. Owing to prevalent fog, however, not all turned up to time, and Sir Charles Rose's sister had to get on to the telephone to find out the whereabouts of some of her party. A very charming person filled the rôle of Lady Patroness : to wit, Captain "Gar" Emmet's wife, to whom Captain "Mike" Foster joint-Master-elect of the Warwickshire Hounds, had a long chat. Major and Mrs. Gregory-Hood, from Loxley Hall, are amongst the most popular couples in those parts ; he is a kinsman of Lord Hood, and she was one of the Crawshaw Brookses. Their only son, an ensign in the Grenadiers, had supper with Lady Dormer's youngest daughter, now gone cruising to the West Indies. Others observed at the ball by our camera included Major C. H. ("Weary") Liddell's wife, and the former Hon. Lorraine Berry and her husband, Captain Gwyn Morgan Jones, Lifeguards



THE PRINCESS DE MAHÉ AND
MR. MILWARD REYNOLDS



CAPTAIN ROBERT BRACKENBURY, R.A.,
AND THE HON. MRS. MORGAN JONES

Brief interlude



Our learned friends, to do them justice, certainly know what's what. Observe the whisky in the glasses (Exhibits A and B). It is Johnnie Walker. And if anybody asks "What is Johnnie Walker?" he is obviously no judge of fine whisky. Johnnie Walker is not merely a fine whisky. It is all the finest whiskies of Scotland, aged and mellowed in the wood, and most skilfully blended into one.

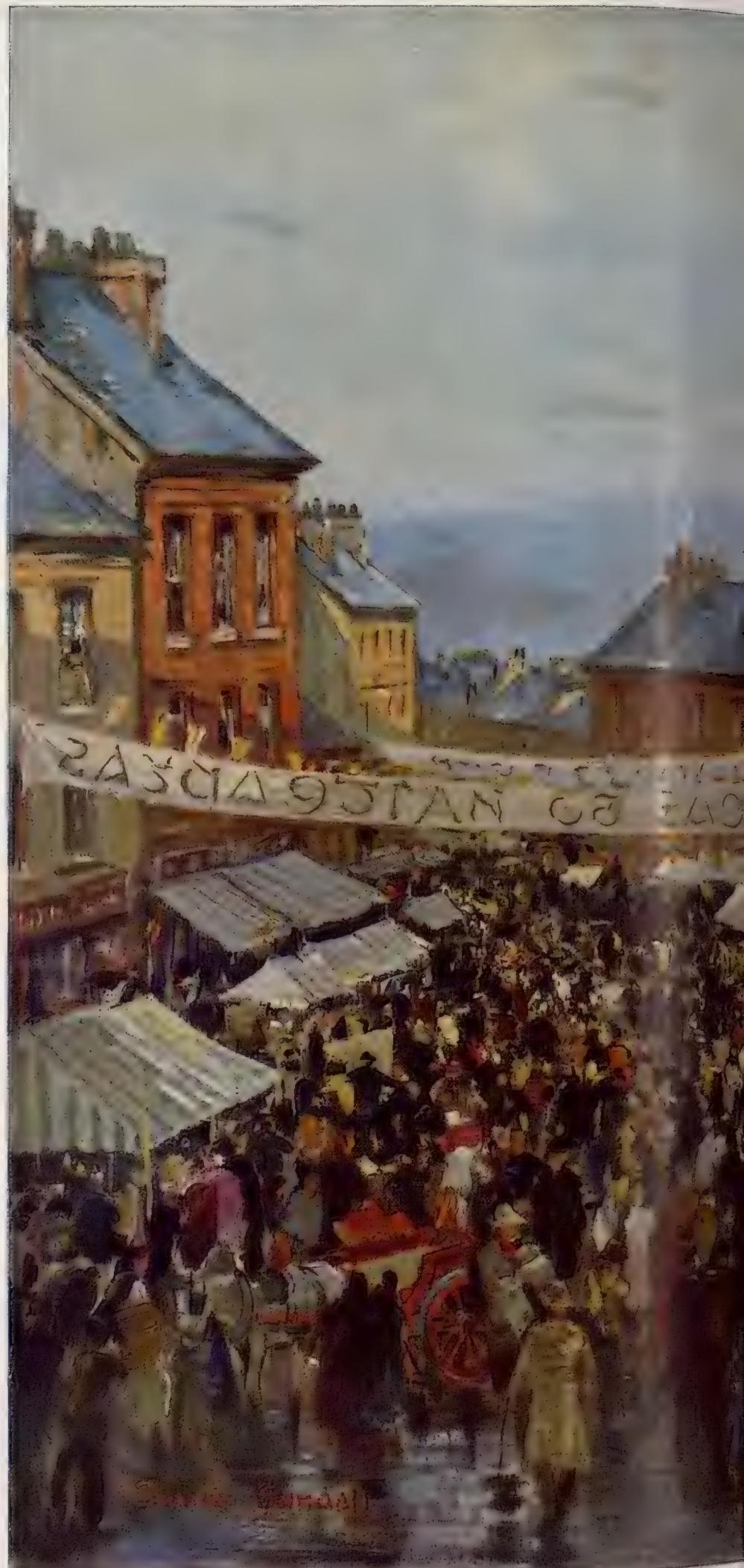
Gentlemen!
your Johnnie Walker —



PUCK FAIR

BY CHARLES CUNDALL,
A.R.A.

"Puck Fair," a unique three-day fair held every August in Killorglin, Co. Kerry, is said to date back to 1540, probably earlier. On the first day of the fair a goat, "King Puck," crowned and dressed in a green coat, is brought in procession to the market place and hoisted up on to a decorated platform overlooking all the people. It is kept there until the third day when it is again led in procession out to the hills and allowed to run wild for the rest of its life. There are many tales as to the origin of this curious custom, the most intriguing being that when Cromwell's men were coming to invade Killorglin they rounded up all the goats in the mountains, but one escaped, and dashing into the town gave the alarm to the inhabitants who said that it was really King Puck warning them —hence the annual honouring of the finest goat in the district

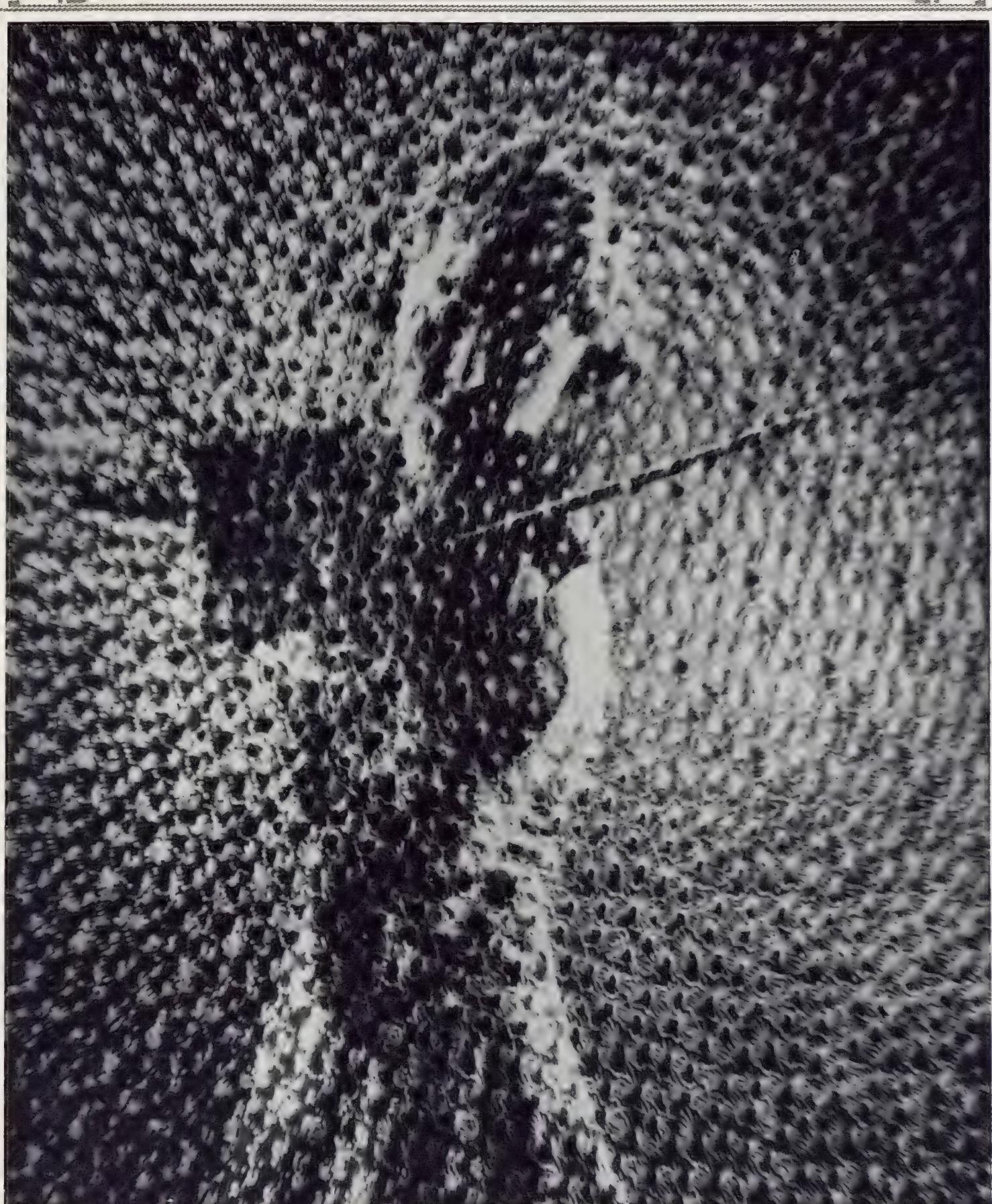






Thomas Ferrol describing
to Sir Walter Raleigh the
new land of Virginia
After the painting by A.D. Mc Cormick 1821

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



MUSIC !

An unusual photograph by John Erith, F.R.P.S.



Victor Hey

AT THE DERWENT HUNT BALL

Some of the well-knowns who foregathered at the Brompton Hall Hotel, which, before it was an hotel, was the family abode of the Cayley family. In the picture are Major Henry Illingworth, formerly 60th Rifles, Lady Downe, who brought a party, and Lady Margaret Illingworth, who is Lord and Lady Crawford's eldest daughter

THE one thing which seems to emerge from the learned discussion about the lost continent of Atlantis is that there is nothing to discuss. Atlantis and its Cromagnons—English for masterful men who bossed everyone—apparently never existed. If it did—but, personally, I believe its existence to be a quite feasible possibility, for volcanoes are no new things—it would seem to be almost about time that history repeated itself. The modern Atlantis and its Cromagnons, quite as impious as the originals, are long overdue for a dip. The world gained peace when the original floating concern disappeared.

* * *

In the meanwhile, there seem to be a great many people who have never heard of that good old rule-of-thumb that what the butler told the cook is not evidence. All good lawyers know this rule. There are far too many Butlers and Cooks about the place, and almost all of them are certifiable as homicidal maniacs.



Frank O'Brien

LORD AND LADY ADARE AND FAMILY

A picture taken quite recently at Kilgobbin, County Limerick—a complete section of the family, the unevenly mounted half of it being the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Melissa Wyndham-Quin. Lady Adare was formerly Miss Nancy Yuille, of New York. Lord Adare, Lord Dunraven's son and heir and formerly 12th Lancers, is now one of Ireland's blood-stock specialists

Pictures in the Fire

In the present state of affairs it is not therefore very surprising to find a revival of the Inter-Planetary Navigation Scheme. It was not so very long ago that Professor Low, President of the British Inter-Planetary Society, told us that there would be nothing doing in the way of a regular rocket-ship service between Liverpool and the Moon for a few centuries—but only last week a member of the Society, who is a G.P.O. official in public life, seemed not quite so sure. From what I read, he wants to be off almost at once in a bullet-shaped spaceship propelled by rocket-motors capable of taking her through the 200-mile belt of atmosphere round the earth in two minutes. She will have a speed of 10,000 m.p.h. When she lands, her shock-absorbers will lessen the bump. I think due emphasis should be given to the word "lessen."

* * *

A scientific and enthusiastic friend of mine who answers to the name of "Riff" (A. M. Harbord) has cocked his ears about this interplanetary scheme and writes me—

"Distant memories of gunnery [he used to be a gunner] suggest certain risks attaching to this little adventure. First, there is 'the error of the gun,' which means that even if a piece is clamped immovably, shots fired from it will never fall all in the same hole. Further, the effects of the slightest deviation become very considerable at long ranges. The Moon is quite the nearest of all planets, and is, astronomically speaking, absolutely on our doorstep. But even at that, a deflection of one minute of angle in the



THE LUCKNOW ARMY CUP WINNER

Major J. J. Clune's Lochna (Squadron Leader C. W. Gore up), winner of this ancient event for the second year in succession. It was originally one of India's foremost pony races

will lessen the bump. I think due emphasis should be given to the word "lessen."



Truman Howell

AT THE MARGAM CASTLE SHOOT

Lady Pollington and General Sir Archibald Cameron, Colonel of the Black Watch, two of the gue at Captain Andrew Talbot-Fletcher's pheasant shoot. Lady Pollington is his daughter. Weat bad, shoot good : 305 pheasants

By "SABRETACHE"



AT THE LAHORE HUNT SHOW

Brigadier and Mrs. Merton Beckwith-Smith on Andy and Gwatty, in the Hack Pairs Class. Brigadier Beckwith-Smith, formerly Coldstream, commands the Lahore Brigade Area

miss by something over 260 miles! Allowing for the rocket a speed equal to that of an 18-pounder shell, it would take about 24 days before the errant voyager had the Moon 'on the beam.' After passing the Moon, the rocket and its contents would presumably stand about equal chances of developing into a comet or of falling on to some other planet. Some of these are, they say, considerably hotter than the hinges of Hades—so hot that such necessary human ingredients as water and fats could only exist as gases. Anyone who developed into a comet would probably only have the satisfaction of seeing Mother Earth flash past him at a very remote distance once in every two or three hundred years. He might have the satisfaction of knowing that he was exerting a favourable influence on the vintages of Earth as he passed, but he would have very little chance of coming down for a drink as he would be well outside Earth's attraction—and while some folk manage to get along without a sense of humour, a sense of gravity is necessary to bring one back to Earth in such circumstances."

* * *

In this connection I feel that those learned counsel who some years ago began to specialise in the study of what I believe the Law calls the doctrine of *usque ad calum* will be all alert to see what further there may be to do about it. We do



Victor Hey

ANOTHER DERWENT HUNT BALL GROUP

Major J. S. Elvis, Master of the very ancient Staintondale, whose charter dates back to Norman times—King John—with Mr. D. Clay, Miss Nancy Elvis and Mrs. Elvis. For further information, *vide* picture on previous page

not know at the moment what are the astral territorial rights. There is nothing in the way of what is called case law to guide us. At sea they have set a three-mile limit outside of which you can do almost as you darn well please, but no International jurist has so far ventured any information as to how high A has got to be to avoid infringement of B's aerial rights, if any.

* * *

Grim and grisly stories of how *The Four Feathers* film was done in the Sudan still continue to arrive to me, and each one increases the admiration I have always felt for those who do so much for our amusement and entertainment. Meet Mr. John Clements, who has to play the part of Harry Faversham; meet also the make-up man, Mr. Charles Parker. Here is the information—

"He [Clements] is disguised as a Sengali tribesman, and is trying to work his way across country to the British headquarters at Khartoum. The disguise is a very full beard, and the scar of the Sengali, which is like a figure three reversed, branded on his forehead. Charles Parker took seven pounds of beard hair, three quarter-pint bottles of highly concentrated gum, a pound and a half of extra fine powder, and the usual grease-paints for Clements alone." It all melted!



Truman Howell

ALSO AT THE MARGAM SHOOT

Lord Pollington with Mr. T. Gibbins. Lord Pollington is Lord Mexborough's only son, and a son-in-law of Captain Talbot-Fletcher, the host at this shoot. These particular coverts, owing to the owner's illness, had not been shot for some time



AT LORD BANDON'S WOODCOCK SHOOT AT CASTLE BERNARD

From all accounts they had a great time with the woodcock at this shoot in County Cork, and this group was taken in one of the pauses in the battle. The names are, l. to r.: (back) Mr. Clifton (Manager, the Munster-Leinster Bank), Dr. MacDonald, Mr. M. C. Littleton, Major-General D. K. Bernard; (second row) Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard, Mr. F. Lights, Lady Bandon, the Hon. Charles Littleton and Mr. Appleby



"THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" BALLET
AT THE SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

At the rehearsal of the scene in which the Lilac Fairy (June Brae) has broken the spell by allowing the Prince (Robert Helpman) to awaken Aurora (Margot Fonteyn). The première of the revival of Tchaikovsky's famous ballet is to-morrow (February 2), and is in aid of the Housing Centre, and under the gracious patronage of H.M. Queen Mary. This presentation of *The Sleeping Princess*, which is in five scenes, is not that done by Diaghileff in 1921, but entirely as it was originally presented at the Maryinsky Theatre in January 1890, from the notes made by Sergueeff at that time. Sergueeff has produced this particular performance at Sadler's Wells

HE was driving her home from the dance. It was very late, and the road was dark and lonely. Suddenly the car stopped, and the young man, after getting out to see what was the matter, turned to the girl, and said :

"That's bad luck. The petrol tank seems to be full of water, and we can't move a foot."

The girl sighed resignedly :

"Come inside," she said. "This has happened to me before. All we have to do is to sit and argue for a time, and the water turns right back into petrol."

* * *

Rastus had returned to the house earlier than usual, and a male friend of his wife's had hidden as best he could under the sofa. On entering the room Rastus looked slowly round, and then felt in his pocket, producing a wicked-looking razor.

"What you goin' to do, Rastus?" cried his wife, in great agitation.

Rastus looked at her grimly. "Wal," he said, "if dem feet stickin' out dere don't belong to nobody, I is goin' to shave."

* * *

The film actor was talking to an admiring girl.

"And so you're one of my fans, eh?" he drawled. "Well, I'm a great believer in hero-worship, you know."

"Really?" said the girl; "and I suppose you have some hero that you worship, too?"

"Oh, yes, rather; but there are also times when I just hate myself!"

* * *

This story comes from an engineering works where A.R.P. drill was carried out. After a siren had sounded warningly the foreman made a tour of the benches to ensure that all had heard the note.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked one man who was still working diligently.

"Not yet," was the reply, "but I'm told that Blue Girl is a cert. for the two-thirty."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Two women were watching a neighbour entering her house on her return from shopping.

"You know, dear," remarked one, "it's only swank that she's going about like that—with 'er arm in a sling and 'er eyes bandaged."

"Swank?" asked the other.

"Yes, swank," was the emphatic rejoinder. "It's only to make people believe that 'er 'usband's come back."

* * *

A man went sprinting down the street. Behind him panted the landlord of the local pub. At the corner stood a policeman, regarding the scene with a benevolent smile.

"Stop that man!" cried the publican, breathlessly.

"Why?" asked the policeman. "He told me you were racing him for the price of a drink."

"So I am," shouted the landlord. "He hasn't paid for it."

* * *

A little Jew was walking along the road when he met a friend, who slapped him on the back and exclaimed: "Well, Ikey, did the fire at your place do much damage last Saturday?"

Looking furtively round, the little Jew answered in a whisper: "Hush, my friend; not last Saturday, next Saturday."

* * *

The actor had just arrived at his new lodgings. "And where, madam," he asked the landlady, "do I perform my ablutions?"

"You don't go doing no performances 'ere, my man," replied the landlady. "The 'ouse was nearly wrecked last week by a troupe of acrobats."



MARGOT
FONTEYN IN
"THE SLEEPING
PRINCESS"
BALLET



Photos: Anthony
MARGOT FONTEYN AND ROBERT HELPMAN IN ANOTHER SCENE IN "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS"

GARRARDS

By Special Appointment

Goldsmiths and Jewellers

to the Crown



THE NORTHAMPTON XV. WHO BEAT THE R.A.F. BY ELEVEN POINTS
TO NIL AT NORTHAMPTON

The Northampton team played a really good game on a ground which was nothing less than a bog. Fallowfield was very prominent all the time, and Longland did some very sound work

Names, l. to r.: (back row) H. M. Lawrence (referee), W. Gascoigne, R. G. Hurrell, W. Fallowfield, M. A. Coles, A. Wood, R. C. Powell, E. J. Gordon (hon. sec.); (seated) J. Smith, R. O. Baillon, R. J. Longland, G. S. Sturridge (captain), D. King, A. E. Brooks, S. E. F. Petts; (on ground) J. E. Bailey, D. W. A. Vann

The photograph of the R.A.F. team will be found on the "Air Eddies" page.

DEAR TATLER—

THE way of the Rugby prophet is hard. He sometimes makes it harder for himself than need be, but that is by the way. For the first international clash of the season the chances appeared to be somewhat in favour of Wales, though, of course, the game was nothing like the certainty that it was assumed to be in various quarters. We ventured to point out the other day that it was a long time since an English pack had been beaten, and in the event it proved that they retained all the dash and solidity which have served them so well during the last few seasons. It was not a crushing victory for England, the margin being three points only, but it was a much more decisive win than the points seem to indicate, and I have not yet heard anybody suggesting that there was any injustice to Wales in the result. As a matter of fact, the severest critics of the beaten side have been found in the Welsh Press, who have perhaps gone too far in their condemnation of a team which may not have been, and indeed was not, at its best, but still kept the scoring down to a single try.

It was obvious very early in the season that England had to find practically a new side. Last year they lost in rather an absurd travesty of football by a difference of two penalty goals at Cardiff. Then they beat Ireland at Dublin in a ridiculously high-scoring match by 36 points to 14, and finally came a terrible cropper against Scotland at Twickenham. The actual margin was 21 points to 16, but the sixteen included only one try, the rest being supplied by a dropped goal and three penalty goals. Well, something had to be done about that, and so the Selectors set to work, and in three successive trials found their alleged England side well beaten. This was not particularly encouraging, but it did at least show that there was promising material coming along, and so the Selectors

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

took heart of grace and made the best job of it they could. These officials seem to me to deserve at least almost as much credit as the players, for it is no light task to send a side with so many new caps into the field. It is almost incredible that, of the XV. who played against Scotland last March, only three of the forwards and no backs appeared against Wales the other day.

The first international game of the season is always a nervous affair for the new arrivals, who are apt to find the highest class football a very much more strenuous game than club, county, or trial matches. It was, therefore, with considerable anxiety that the new English team was watched at the beginning of the game, and there was great relief to find the men settling down almost at once, with everybody making himself very much at home. Once upon a time, and that not very long ago, the English XV. were wont to amble on the field in the most leisurely manner, and before they had fairly woken up, they would often find themselves a goal and a try to the bad. Constant pressure for some seasons has broken them of that bad habit, and certainly in the game

we are discussing they went off at top speed. The Welsh forwards fairly reeled under their onset, and it was quickly obvious that those who had foretold an easy victory for Wales had backed another Twickenham loser.

It was perfectly clear as the game went on that the English forwards were getting more and more on top. The English skipper, H. B. Toft, was hooking very successfully, and W. H. Travers, the Welsh hooker, found that matters had sorely changed since they had met at Cardiff a year ago. Apart from his hooking, Toft played a real captain's part, and he had with him in the front row, in the person of D. E. Teden, late of Taunton School, one of the most promising forwards that England has unearthed for many a day. To those who have eyes to see, he has been for at least two seasons the best forward in the Richmond pack, and this is probably the beginning of a long international career. He was always prominent in this, his first game, in which he scored the winning try; and if there are one or two forwards to be singled out above the rest, he must be one of them.

With him must be bracketed the new Oxford skipper, R. M. Marshall, who, after a temporary eclipse against Cambridge, came out in his best form. Again and again the crowd rose to him as he dashed through the Welsh ranks, and he was an ever-present danger to the Welsh forwards as well as to V. G. J. Jenkins. T. F. Huskisson played one more great game, and the two newcomers in the back row both discharged their missions almost faultlessly. Most of us know the form of J. K. Watkins, and he was at his best, while J. T. W. Berry is in the direct line of descent from H. G. Periton. The English halves adapted themselves much better to the conditions than did the Welsh pair. No one could have worked harder than P. Cooke, while G. A. Walker, finding himself handicapped by a slippery ball, turned with great success to punting and working the touch-line.



THE ANGLO-WELSH RUGGER BALL AT THE DORCHESTER HOTEL
AFTER THE MATCH

A group taken after the afternoon's thrilling match at Twickenham, in which England won by three points to nil

The names are (l. to r.): D. E. Teden, who scored the only try of the match to give England the victory; Miss Peggy Glasier, J. T. W. Berry (England—Leicester), P. Cooke (England scrum-half—Richmond), W. E. N. Davies (Wales forward—Cardiff), and (in front) R. E. Prescott (England forward—Harlequins)

This England . . .



Melbury Beacon in Dorset

THE winter and rough weather that do still overset the ways of our civilisation bring to mind an ancient weather-saw for this time of Candlemas. The sixteenth-century rhyme runs; "If Candlemas-day be fair and bright, Winter will have another flight; But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain, Winter is gone and comes not again". Another version beginning; "Foul weather is no news . . ." appears in the Country Almanack for February, 1676. A homely custom of the time was to light a candle on this day and make merry with good ale until it guttered out . . . which would seem to be an even surer wisdom. For to drink good ale of that old brewing—such as your Worthington—at this season of the year is to fortify yourself right well against the winter's worst.

. . . by Worthington

'CHASING IN THE

RAIN : LINGFIELD



MR. AND MRS. P. DUNCANSON, WHO MADE
LIGHT OF THE WEATHER



ST. GEORGE II. (MR. PETRE UP) AND
HIS TRAINER, MR. BASIL BRISCOE



LORD AND LADY LEWES CAME OVER
FROM ERIDGE CASTLE



CAPTAIN LORD GREENWAY TALKING TO MISS
CORDELIA STEPHEN AND MISS NIRA PEARS

Burstow Amateurs' 'Chase. Mr. A. J. G. Leveson-Gower's horse, once a hunter and now a really good 'chaser, was subsequently disqualified for not keeping a straight course. He is trained by Basil Briscoe, and Mr. Petre is to ride him at Aintree, where he will quite likely carry a lot of money. Brigadier-General Winser, owner-trainer, saddled Mrs. Shennan's Porte Bonheur for the South Eastern 'Chase, and George Archibald had the mount. This event was won by the favourite, Mr. A. Donn's Bryan O'Linn. Actor-film-star Ralph Lynn was observed looking them over with the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, and Lord Greenway, who lives near Edenbridge, had many conversational interludes. Mr. Duncanson, whose attractive wife was Miss Phyllis Luscombe before her marriage, has two G.R. brothers, Captain R. Duncanson and Mr. "Gerry" Duncanson



LADY URSLA FILMER-SANKEY
AND MR. RALPH LYNN



MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD, GENERAL WINSER
AND GEORGE ARCHIBALD

M O N T E C A R L O

Winter season 1939

Some Outstanding Dates

February 15th. & 17th. Concerts with Simone Delbert and Maria Tauber, soloists. Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ Feb. 27th. - March 5th. International Tennis Tournament including Butler & Iliffe Trophies. ★ March 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★ Mar. 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ Mar. 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ Mar. 16th. Golf-Rivett Carnac Challenge Cup. ★ Mar. 22nd. Mme Maria Reining, singer. ★ March 24th. Jacques Février, pianist. ★ March 29th. Torsten Ralf, tenor. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens. ★ April 5th. Gala Concert conducted by Erich Kleiber.

The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all travel agencies.

TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH

By

NORAH
COTTERILL

He took up the cup to drink, absentmindedly . . . The pain was swift and conclusive. There was hardly time to cry out

"**T**HREE'S one thing I won't keep, and that's Maria's cat," muttered Benjamin Winglethorpe. "I hate that sneaking animal. Now Maria's gone I'm getting rid of it, mice or no mice."

A week ago, little faded Maria Winglethorpe had died very quietly, with a faint smile on her lips, as though she were glad to be going out of it all. Perhaps she was thinking there would at least be peace awaiting her after thirty-five years of being bullied and harassed by Benjamin.

Though he had made the conventional gestures of grief with suitable mourning and the sending forth of black-edged cards, Benjamin knew he was by no means inconsolable. Maria had been a poor-spirited creature at the best, in his opinion. The only two things she had really cared about had been their son, Ernest, with whom Benjamin had quarrelled, and subsequently banished from the house, ten years ago, and her black cat, which Benjamin hated.

It was the one creature in the house over which he felt he had no dominion; the one thing which defied him with cold, green eyes that glinted scorn and utter disregard for his noisy bullying. Maria, Allie, the maid, and Claypool in the garden, running to do his bidding as though their lives depended on it, had fostered his cherished illusion that he was a man of supreme power and compelling personality. But in some intangible fashion the cat's unwinking stare undermined his assumption of omniscience. It stripped him of illusions about himself and left him with an infuriating sense of inferiority. He tried vainly to intimidate the creature; to make it conscious of his mastery, but it ignored his shouts, dodged his kicks with consummate ease and always escaped to openly sneer at him from some unscalable eyrie. The very sight of the animal enraged him, and he had never missed an opportunity of chasing it from Maria's side. Her fluttering distress had always been some slight compensation for missing the cat and scraping the paint with his boot or the poker.

He was in the little sitting-room now where Maria had spent so many hours; with the cat sleeping in a corner of

the window-ledge near by. He wanted to look again through her Sheraton bureau that stood in the corner of the room. Maria's will, leaving her property and capital of several thousand pounds to him, was safely in the hands of the lawyer. But he could not rid himself of an uncomfortable feeling that there might be a later will in some hiding-place Maria would have conveyed only to Ernest. During her lifetime her one act of defiance had been to refuse, with gentle, and sometimes terrified obstinacy, to make over to Benjamin the control of her capital. It was only when she had been too weak to resist that he had coerced and bullied her into making a will in his favour. Nevertheless, she had died with that strange smile on her lips; and he could not help wondering . . .

Without sympathy his exploring fingers pulled out and scattered Maria's treasured odds and ends he had already examined one by one. He was only sensitive to ridges and excrescences in the wood that might be clues to a secret drawer.

He searched until he was assailed by an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched. He swung round, to become aware of Maria's cat sitting on the outside windowsill. Its flat black head was lowered to look through the glass. Its green eyes, their pupils narrowed to black slits, were fixed on him in a vindictive stare. He gave a yell of rage and rushed to the window to jerk it open. The cat leaped down nimbly and turned to glare defiance from a rosebed. He shook an impotent fist and shouted angrily to the man who was working in the vegetable garden on the other side of the path.

"Claypool, come here!"

Joshua Claypool dropped his spade and hurried as fast as his shambling feet would let him. His slow mind was striving to recollect any sin or omission on his part that might have been detected. Benjamin was in a fine rage about something: Joshua knew the signs and trembled afresh. But Benjamin was not even looking at him. He was staring at the black cat, which was licking a paw slyly.

(Continued on page 224)



(not to be confused with STARTING)

One of the biggest car manufacturers writes in his instruction book
"The procedure best adopted is to drive off straight from the start."

GO is what should happen the instant after your engine has fired

SHELL FOR GO FOR SHELL

FOR REAL GO, USE SHELL, 100% PURE AND FORTIFIED BY "RE-FORMED" PETROL

TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH—(Continued from page 222)

"Get rid of that cat, Claypool!" he thundered. "Kill it any way you like, only get it out of my sight! It's half-wild—not safe to keep," he muttered in lame excuse.

Joshua stepped back in alarm, his mouth falling open stupidly.

"Why, I couldn't kill Missis's cat!" he protested feebly. "It wouldn't be right with 'er that set on it and not yet cold in 'er grave."

"If you haven't put that cat out of the way by to-night you lose your job, you half-wit!" hissed Benjamin through tightened mouth and clenched teeth.

The window closed with a reverberating bang. Joshua was left to stare unhappily at the cat, which was gazing remotely beyond him from the middle of the rose-bed.

"Poor pussy!" he crooned apologetically. "I can't rightly bring meself to do it, but I can't lose me job. That's the way it is, pussy; a man can't lose 'is job these days."

The cat measured his approach with calculating eyes and lithely slipped away from his clumsy, grabbing hands.

"'E knows what's coming to 'im most like," sighed Joshua. "I'll think things out a bit and catch 'im later."

He wished Allie had been in the kitchen so that he could have talked things over with her; but she had slipped down the road to the shops. She was due to return to give Benjamin his tea; but he knew she was going again directly afterwards for her evening out. With the pots handy on the dresser and the kettle boiling on the hob, Allie would be in and gone again in less than ten minutes. He knew he would get scant attention from her with a young man waiting at the gate.

Grunting like a malicious pig, Benjamin returned to his search. He was spurred on by an ever-increasing certainty that Maria had betrayed him and that the bureau held her hiding-place. It was that damned cat, he told himself. It had leered at him as though it knew something to his disadvantage.

For nearly half an hour he shook, tapped and went over every inch of the wood; but the bureau revealed no secrets. He was driven by the nagging fear of the clandestine arrival of Ernest primed with knowledge of the whereabouts of a later will. He had not written to Ernest—an omission which gave him time to search, and destroy if needs be—but news travelled and Ernest must hear of Maria's death sooner or later.

Fingering a bone-handled pocket-knife, he stared speculatively at the sagging velvet seat of Maria's chair. It was still drawn close to the low, wide window-ledge where the cat had slept on a threadbare cushion within reach of her hand.

The cushion was there, too; the indentation of the cat's body in the centre of it. Benjamin knew the animal must have been there lately, and was waiting outside to come again as soon as he had gone. He knew it would pad in stealthily and jump up on to the cushion, treading round and round, making a place for itself with slow, sensuous delight. All the time its green eyes would blink maliciously because it shared Maria's secret.

In a frenzy of baffled rage Benjamin lunged forward to jab and rip viciously at the cushion with his pocket-knife. He experienced a sadistic satisfaction in imagining it

was the cat he was disembowelling as the heavy flock stuffing bulged through the jagged tears in the cushion-cover. The knife jabbed deeply and rose again with a narrowly-folded slip of paper speared on to its point. Benjamin seized it and unfolded it with shaking fingers.

"The Last Will and Testament . . ."

It was Maria's will of a date later than the one his lawyer held. It was properly drawn up, attested by Allie and Claypool, and left everything to Ernest with the exception of a miserable two-hundred-pound legacy to himself.

He read it with rage choking and gasping in his throat; then he laughed suddenly and harshly, a rusty cackle of malevolent triumph. Maria and the cat had thought they could fool him; but he had proved to be more than they could reckon with, he exulted. Ernest would come sneaking around; expecting to find the will in the cushion according to Maria's simple plan. There would be no trace of cushion, will or cat. Ernest would have considerable difficulty in proving that another will had ever existed. The story would sound too fantastic to believe.

Benjamin did not fear any testimony from Allie and Claypool to spoil his plan. It was most unlikely that Maria would have told them what they were signing; she would have been too afraid of betrayal.

A light knock on the door made him start violently. Allie, bearing a tray of tea, an apron tied hastily over her light frock, came into the room. Her round young face was wearing the slightly apprehensive look inevitably acquired by Benjamin Winglethorpe's household staff.

"Your tea, sir," she said nervously. "And will it be all right if I go now and fetch the tray later? It's my evening out, sir."

Benjamin grunted ungraciously and signalled to her to put the tray down on a table at his elbow. There would be time enough to talk to Allie and Claypool later.

After one startled glance round the disordered room, Allie fled, dragging off her apron as she went. Young men would not wait for ever and she had promised she would be inside of ten minutes.

Benjamin poured out a cup of tea, dropping in two lumps of sugar and carefully measuring the proportion of milk he preferred. He paused to read through the will again, slowly and gloatingly. Presently he would put a match to it in the grate, and watch the flame creep up to wipe out Maria's fine, neat writing, then die away in a flurry of grey ash. He almost hoped the cat would be watching then.

He took up the cup to drink, absent-mindedly... The pain was swift and conclusive. There was hardly time to cry out. Through the window, blank green eyes watched curiously until Benjamin lay quite still; then, losing interest, Maria's cat turned to the more absorbing interest of licking a sleek coat.

Back in the deserted kitchen, Joshua Claypool stared at an empty basin on the dresser and scratched a puzzled head.

"If that ain't queer," he muttered. "I could 'ave swore I left the milk ready in that basin. I put all the poison in it because chemist was that fussy making me sign for it and saying be sure not to leave it about. I did only leave it while I 'ad a look round for the cat. But, anyways, I 'aven't caught the cat yet," he consoled himself.



Harriet
A CANADIAN-BORN DÉBUTANTE: MISS OSLA BENNING

Amongst attractive young ladies coming out this year is the daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Benning, Jr., of Montreal, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Courtney. Miss Oslla Benning, who had the final polish put on her education in Vienna and Paris, is to be presented at Court by Lady Beatty. Her mother gives a London dance for her on June 22

"Had an argument the other day with a journalist friend of mine who had stated that the gap between the high performance car and the normal car is closing.

I wonder if it really is! In price it may be so. But take an ordinary touring car and compare it with the M.G. for a high speed cross country run, for those instant accelerations that spell safety, for stability on grease and that general useful handling that breed brings out in a car. That is where, in my opinion, the M.G. scores."

Cecil Kimber
MANAGING DIRECTOR OF
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D.1



MR. AND MRS. JAMES MOLLISON
AT MIAMI, FLORIDA

The famous British flyer and his wife are taking a holiday at that delectable spot, Miami, and are here snapped on the beach of the Roney Plaza. Before her marriage, Mrs. Mollison was Mrs. Phyllis Verley Hussey. She owns large banana plantations in Jamaica. Mr. Mollison has given the air a rest lately, but no doubt he will be off on some long-distance flight before long.

intense cultivation of the human perceptions more exciting than British phlegm and discipline and callowness. Besides, Air France have done more in the development of Transatlantic flying than any other air-line company in the world. They are the real pioneers of this route. Britain, however, has done better recently in the matter of aircraft, and I think that our big flying-boats are the best ocean-going machines yet produced. Here, again, though, the French are becoming more active, and judging from the way they have kept ahead of us in transport landplanes lately, I should say that they might very easily catch up in flying-boats. If they could produce a fleet of really good flying-boats and chose to use all their knowledge of Atlantic operation, they could run services over this route better than anybody else.

Consequently, the announcement that the French Government has granted the State Department permission for one or more American air transport companies to work a Transatlantic service to France for passengers, mails and goods is of great interest. For in return the United States have given assurances that they will be willing to negotiate a reciprocal air transport agreement later. Somehow, I do not think we are going to be so entirely free from competition on the Atlantic line as some people seem to believe. And a little competition will certainly do us no harm. Our

Atlantic Air Line.

It seems to me right that France and the United States should have got together over a proposed Transatlantic air service. For in many ways the French and the Americans are more sympathetic to one another than the English and the Americans. In these international links, language is not everything, and the Americans find French verve and freedom and

friendly competition with Air France on London-Paris (at the present moment, by the way, Air France are winning all along the line) has helped to keep us up to the mark, and the same would be true of similar competition on the Atlantic.

Moving Wings.

Air aviation has undergone drastic changes during the past five years; yet the most fundamental of them has scarcely been recognised as a change. This is the abolition of the old conception of the fixed wing. In 1918 the conception of an aeroplane wing was a shaped, lifting member, rigidly attached to the body or fuselage and in itself incapable of movement. Only the aileron moved, and that was solely for control. Now all that has gone. The modern wing is a complicated structure capable of making many movements in the air to alter the balance between speed and climb. The modern wing flexes and curves to clutch the air just as a hand flexes and curves to catch hold of something, adjusting itself to the particular needs of the moment.

Flaps, split flaps, slots and auxiliary wings make the changes. There are hundreds of these devices. They help to keep the air-flow over the wing smooth; they act as air-brakes when required and, in some, they add to and take away from the wing-area according to whether they are extended or retracted. The Fairey auxiliary wing is an exceedingly ingenious device, and I had the opportunity of examining its working at a small party given by the company the other day. When in normal flight the auxiliary wing nestles in a recess in the main wing; when the take-off or landing is to be done and low speed is needed, the auxiliary wing is extruded from the main wing and the wing loading of the machine is thereby lowered from 156 kilogrammes per square metre to 122. In effect the Fairey auxiliary wing, which is fitted to the new four-engined transport machine, may be said to turn the machine into a biplane for landing and taking off and then to re-convert it into a monoplane for normal flight in the air.

Safe Landings.

Safe landings with modern high-speed transport machines are a matter of co-operation between the aircraft and the ground arrangements. No matter how many flaps or slots or auxiliary wings the aircraft uses, it still must rely to some extent on the methods for bringing the aircraft to the right spot of bad visibility, to blind-landing arrangements and to lighting arrangements. At the Ringway Airport, Manchester, not long ago there was opened the new Chance runway contact-light system, which works either with the blind-landing system or alone. The lights are sunk in flush with the ground and their glasses will take a load of 42 kilogrammes per square centimetre.

Internal Lines.

Professional aeronautical critics should keep a close watch on the sittings of the Air Transport Licensing Authority at Caxton Hall, Westminster. It may be remembered that when the committee which recommended the establishment of this Authority reported, some said that the result would be a monopoly of internal air lines for Railway Air Services, a company associated with Imperial Airways. The other day there was a certain amount of argument before the tribunal which turned on this very point. Will the critics be justified?



THE R.A.F. RUGBY XV. WHO WERE LAID LOW BY NORTHAMPTON

The palm must go to the backs in this team, for if it had not been for the appalling state of the ground, they might have pulled their side through, as they had far greater speed than their opponents. Northampton, who are on another page, won by 11 points to nil.

The names in the picture are (l. to r.): (back; standing) F/O. H. J. Irens, P/O. J. Power, F/O. J. Roncoroni, F/O. P. J. Halford, P/O. S. J. D. Robinson, P/O. Allsop; (seated) F/Lt. D. N. H. Craven, A/C. J. Holland, Sgt. E. J. Parsons, F/O. L. Cox (captain), Cpl. A. E. Simmons, F/O. R. H. Waterhouse, F/Lt. C. H. Beamish; (on ground) P/O. T. Balmforth, F/O. D. G. Garvin

These

Matinée

filter tipped

Virginia cigarettes

in their slim black case

cost 1/- for 15





AT THE PYTCHLEY FARMERS' BALL

Some of the celebrities at this always-successful rally in Northampton, and in the picture are Colonel "Peach" Borwick, former Master of the Middleton, Mrs. A. McIlwaine, Captain Rupert Hardy, and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Lowther, wife of the senior Master.

Words.

BEWEEN the word and the deed there is, in motoring, a gulf fixed. You can tell drivers to do this, that, or the other; you can exhort them from notices, plead with them

from the carriage-way, order them by the Highway Code, and lecture them with leaflets issued by the motoring organisations. Yet most of your words will be wasted. "SLOW," written imposingly in your path, may be interpreted by you in a thousand different ways. After all, what is "slow"? Even the written instruction "TURN LEFT" may be missed or misinterpreted. English roads rely much too much on the written word. When I was held up recently at a road junction in Birmingham, I had the curiosity to count the words on all the notices dealing with road conduct I could see from my position at the wheel. There were thirty-four words!

Birmingham may be a more wordy place than most, but consider the stupidity of setting up notices containing thirty-four words, and expecting them all to be assimilated and obeyed by people who already have a thousand other more urgent matters to attend to. And to make their wordiness even more difficult, the notices used lettering of different kinds and different colours, some red, some black. Now, I submit that the person responsible for that forest of notices could not possibly have studied the fundamentals of road safety.

Road Indications.

Years ago I laid down the rule: The road itself must define the traffic flow. The greater the number of vehicles, the more important does it become to obey that rule. If you want people to turn left, you must so set out your road curves and kerbs that they *must* turn left. If you want people to slow down, you must force them to slow down by providing them with a road on which they cannot do otherwise. It is no good relying on notices



MORE PYTCHLEY CELEBRITIES

Another supper-time group at the Pytchley Hunt Farmers' Ball in Northampton. Telling off from the left, Miss Bridget Lowther, daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther; Mr. and Mrs. George Lowther, son and daughter-in-law; Captain Mellwaine and the famous Master, Colonel J. G. Lowther, who, rumour says, may remain on for at any rate another season

Photos.: Holloway



MISS AMY JOHNSON AT THE MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY

Although two gallant Frenchmen, M. M. J. Trevoux and J. Paul, defeated not-so-perfidious Albion by dead-heating for first place, few people arrived at the finish looking fresher than England's renowned air-lady, with her partner, Mrs. J. McEvoy, in the Ford "V-8" 22, in which they came all the way from John-o'-Groats after a most comfortable trip of 2257 miles

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

written up all over the place; the instruction as to how fast to drive, and which turn to take must be given firmly and finally by the road itself. It is not difficult to design roads which will do this. After all, the clover-leaf crossing as used in the United States and in Germany does it.

The trouble is that it is undesirably easy to write a notice and have it stuck up, and more difficult to design and lay a self-sufficient road. The tendency to take the easy course is not confined to motoring. One finds the written notice everywhere. And wherever it is, it is vulgar, displeasing to the eye, annoying to the mind. It produces a horridly hoarding-like effect. The fewer the written notices, the safer the roads.

Glass Kerbs.

White paint is all very well in its way for marking kerbs, but the disproportionately high rate at which it wears away, or becomes dirty compared with the footpath or road, is a drawback. Obviously it would be better if a method of marking having rather greater permanence could be devised. It will

therefore be worth watching the effects of the glass kerbs which have been used on fifteen miles of roads in Essex and Leicestershire. Major L. A. Parker, who, with Mr. Frank Wheeler, evolved the scheme, tells me that they experimented for months with different reflecting materials, coloured cements and so on, but that they eventually produced a kerb in the side of which are panels of a white, opaque glass. The glass is also used for marking the sides of roundabouts.

Equipment.

Bad weather not only tries the roads; it also tries the electrical equipment, and my experience with my own and other cars during the past six weeks or so leads to the conclusion that the electrical equipment does not come too well out of that trial. There have been great improvements, but I think that the electrical accessories still lag behind the rest of the car. My windscreens-wiper, for instance, makes more noise than the 25-h.p. engine in front of it. Also the blades cannot be shifted out of sight when the wiper is not in use; also the motor is mounted on top of the windscreens, and I owe two or three bumps on the head to its presence there, when getting in and out of the car.

My traffic direction-indicators worked all right until the snow came not very long ago, and then they began sticking, and have been sticking ever since. Fortunately I can see them from the driving position, and so I do not drive about showing a permanently false signal. But it is a nuisance to have to open things up and lean out to knock the semaphore arm down each time one uses it.

The Daimler Vogue



A DAIMLER Limousine at £875 on the 24 h.p. chassis

PROGRESS indeed—a limousine which in appearance, body space, comfort, quality
—in every respect—is a true Daimler. Progress in production methods combined
with Daimler's 40 years' experience in body design and construction have made such
economy possible. A fine example of Daimler vogue wedded to Daimler value is this
limousine at £875

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"MAGYAR MELODY" AT HIS MAJESTY'S



BINNIE HALE AND ROGER TREVILLE (IN FRONT)
BETTY WARREN AND JERRY VERO (AT BACK)



THE HEROINE (BINNIE HALE)
AND ROGER TREVILLE (HERO)

All the principal parts but one have been re-cast in this réchauffé of *Paprika*, and the new edition is tremendously reinforced by clever Binne Hale, who imparts the necessary fire and vocal charm to the character of the wild and lovely Hungarian actress Roszi, with whom an English duke falls in love. Roger Treville plays Michael Herriot and Betty Warren as Julika and Jerry Verno as Jarvis supply the very competent comic relief



Hay Wrightson
MISS PAMELA STOKES

Captain and Mrs. V. A. P. Stokes's younger daughter, who is engaged to Lieutenant D. K. Seth-Smith, R.N., the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Seth-Smith, Upton Grey Lodge, Basingstoke

daughter of the late Mr. C. St. Leger Strickland and Mrs. Strickland, of Inglewood, Yelverton, S. Devon; Mr. A. M. Langdale, of Moor Farm, Midhurst, only son of Mr. A. Noel Langdale and the late Mrs. Langdale, of Milford, Surrey, and Daphne Isabel, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Julian Day, of Lavant House, Chichester; Mr. A. C. E. Borras, only son of Count and Countess O'Brien, of Onteniente, Spain, and Curzon Street, W.1, and Arabella Thelma Maria, elder daughter of the late Walter Galen Cope and of Mrs. Cope, of Sussex Lodge, W.2, and granddaughter of the late Sir Anthony Cope of Bramshill; Mr. A. F. L. Thesiger, youngest son of the Hon. Percy and Mrs. Thesiger and Virginia Margaret, daughter of the late Captain Harry Graham and of Mrs. Graham; Wing-Commander A. MacGregor, M.B.E., D.F.C., Royal Air Force, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGregor,

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Some Weddings this Month.

A wedding in Calcutta at the end of this month is that of Mr. J. C. Alexander and Miss B. M. Stringer. On the 14th, Mr. A. W. Kellie-Smith, Royal Artillery, and Miss Margaret Clare Chatto are being married at St. Peter's Church, Croft, and on the 15th is the wedding of Squadron-Leader E. J. Corbally, Royal Air Force, and Miss Alfreda Clare Sumner. This will take place at St. John's Church, Banbury.

* * *

Recent Engagements.
Lieutenant-Commander S. E. Crewe-Read, eldest son of the late Colonel R. O. Crewe-Read and Mrs. Crewe-Read, of Penrann, Montgomeryshire, and Cecile Daphne, elder



Pearl Freeman
MISS YVONNE SHENTON

Who is engaged to Mr. C. E. S. Barclay, son of the late Sir Colville Barclay, K.C.M.G., and Lady Vansittart. Miss Shenton is the daughter of Sir William and Lady Shenton of The Boltons, S.W.10, and formerly of Hong Kong

Crieff, Perthshire, and Isobel, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Eadie, Heathfield, Crieff, Perthshire; Mr. O. J. Whitley, younger son of the late Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and of the late Mrs. Whitley, and Elspeth Catherine, elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Forrester-Paton, of The Gean House, Alloa; Dr. R. M. Littledale, second son of Dr. and Mrs. H. Littledale, of Wakeley House, Charing, Kent, and

Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Hubbard, of Ludwell House, Charing; Mr. A. C. B. Ker, only son of Major-General and Mrs. C. A. Ker, of Duloe, Woking, and Ruth Gwendolen, elder daughter of the late Major R. Johnstone, K.R.R.C., and of Mrs. Johnstone, Queen's Gate, Plymouth; Mr. D. M. Ogilvy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ogilvy, of Liss, and Melinda Graeme, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Levick Street, jun., of Bon Air, Virginia, U.S.A.; Captain S. O. de B. S. Macartney, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, Headquarters K.A.R. Nairobi, youngest son of the late Mr. J. G. K. Snape and of Mrs. Snape, of Quirindi, N.S.W., Australia, and Sylvia Mary Pugh, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Pugh, of Radford House, Coventry; Lt. K. H. J. L. Phibbs, R.N., son of Dr. and Mrs. Phibbs, of Pinner, and Heather Isolde, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Washbourn, of Nelson, N.Z.; Mr. E. J. K. Chapman, B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E. and Miss J. E. Line



Catherine Bell
MISS MARY CONGREVE

The only daughter of the late Major W. La T. Congreve, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. W. Fraser, who is engaged to Mr. W. Stephenson, the eldest son of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., and of Lady Stephenson. Miss Congreve is a granddaughter of Mr. Cyril Maude

New Spring Knitwear

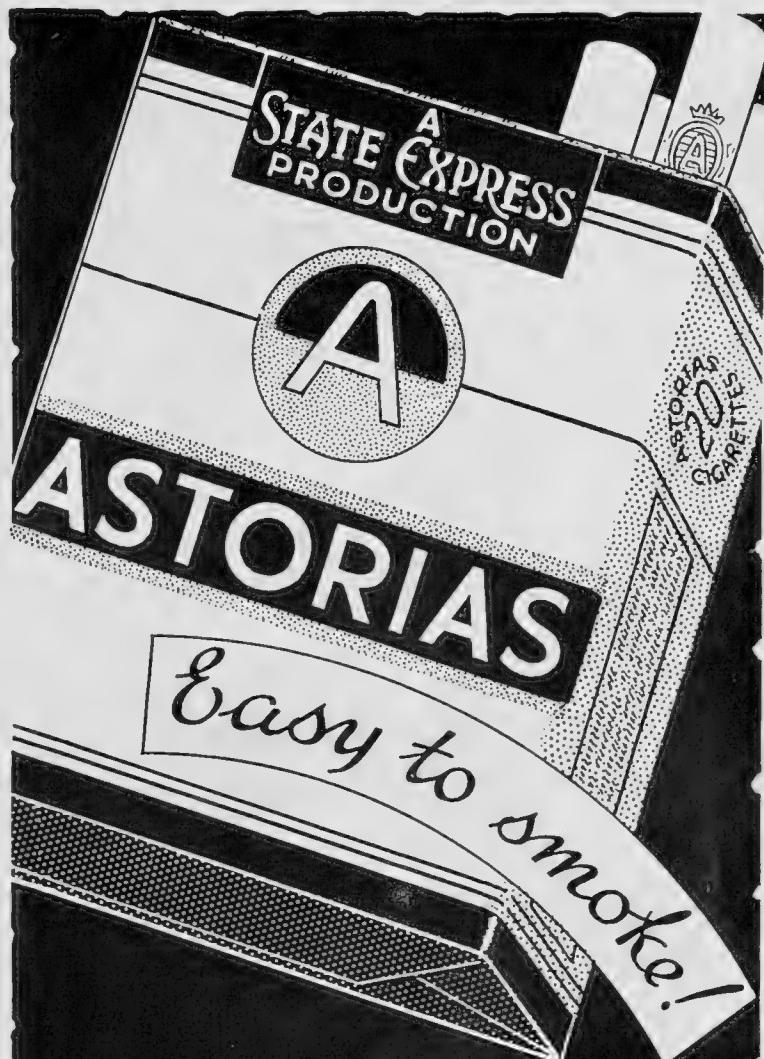
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WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

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(Debenhams Ltd.)



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Cigarette
Blending

20 for £1

TRY THEM & ENJOY
TOBACCO SATISFACTION

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write us: "In reduced circumstances has become such a usual expression that it has perhaps lost its appeal, but when a gentlewoman at the age of seventy-five finds herself with only fifteen shillings a week, it spells real misery. We are trying to help an old lady living in Warwickshire in these sad straits. As always in the case of gentlefolk, she has recoiled from asking charity until faced with stark poverty. Who will send us £6 10s. that we may send her 2s. 6d. weekly?" *

The Aviation Exhibition at Shell-Mex House, Strand, is proving such an attraction that it has been decided to keep it open until February 11. Described by a well-known Aviation Correspondent as the best thing of its kind ever done, the Exhibition has already been seen by over 10,000 people including Miss Jean Batten, Squadron-Leader Clauston and many leading members of the industry. The world-famous motorists, Captain Eyston and Mr. John Cobb, have also seen it.

In our issue of January 18 we published a photograph of Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon opening this exhibition with Mr. F. L. Fulford. The latter gentleman should have been named as Mr. F. L. Halford who is the General Manager of Shell-Mex and B.P. *

The 1939 and at the same time the ninety-first edition of *Who's Who* makes its most welcome appearance once again. This is a book which should be and usually is on everybody's shelf in this country and in most other countries for the best of all possible reasons, namely, that no one can do without it. If you want to meet your friends or even those who are otherwise - see *Who's Who*! This year's edition contains 3,536 pages of names of people in every walk of life, giving their full history from date of birth, where they were educated, occupation and in fact

anything that can be of interest to anybody. The Royal Family and history occupies two pages and consists of a short resumé of each member, date of birth, marriages and residences. At the end of the book is a very useful educational and hotel section.

* * *

The seventy-first annual volume of *Whitaker* records the anxious times, now happily past, when the Peace of the World was threatened by an almost universal upheaval. The Czechoslovakian Situation, the Civil War in Spain, the Sino-Japanese struggle, and affairs at home and abroad are summarized in the chronicle of events, and other matters of current interest are treated in special articles. Among these will be found details of the Anglo-U.S.A. Canadian Trade Treaty, World Production, Food Imports, and of other subjects now prominently before the public.

Other articles deal with Television, Gliding, Stratosphere Flight, Fixed Trusts, Census of Production, etc. The usual summaries are given of the Year's Weather, Scientific Discoveries and Inventions, Art Exhibitions and Sales, Literature, Theatrical Productions and Films of the year.

* * *

The Grand Centenary Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on March 20 is to rank among the most brilliant functions arranged for London during the spring. The ball, which is organized by the News-vendors Benevolent Institution, will be attended by numerous film stars, actors, authors, and other celebrities, together with the pick of Mayfair's society.

Dancing will be to Billy Cotton and his Band and Jan Ralphi and his Broadcast Dance Orchestra, while among numerous other attractions will be an all-star cabaret. Tickets, which are at the popular price of one guinea, including a sumptuous running buffet, should be obtained as early as possible from the Royal Albert Hall, the usual theatre agencies, or from the News-vendors' Benevolent Institution, 15 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.



THE FAMOUS DANCERS OF DON SNAPPED IN ACTION

These well-known dancers, who originated in 1932, will demonstrate the Scottish country dances at the Celts and Scots night at the Queen's Hall on February 3. It is all part of a scheme for a new Celtic Association embracing Celtic art of all kinds in every part of the world. The organizer, Lady Elizabeth Forbes Sempill, is seen the second from the left, and included in the group are Ellen, Violet and Janie Kerr, Susan Adam and Fiona Mackinnon, Valerie Kingham and Denise Russell-Fergusson

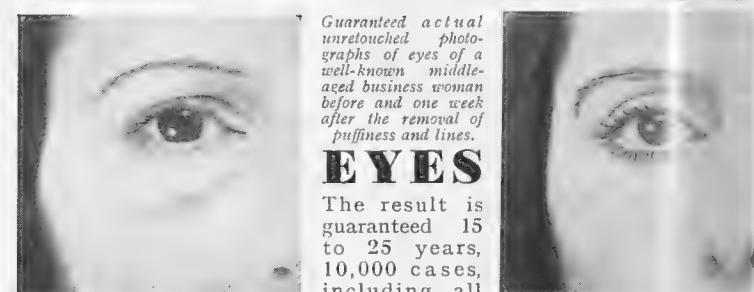


Super-fatted in shaving means the difference between approaching the morning shave like a bull at a gate (or a bear with a sore head) and sailing blithely through the stubble like a speculator on a rising market. Invest in Gibbs Super-fatted Shaving Cream to-day, and see the difference super-fattening makes. You get a rich creamy lather which stays moist, enables you to have a really clean shave, and leaves your skin soft, cool and refreshed.

Ah! Now I see!

GIBBS SUPER-FATTED SHAVING CREAM

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.I.



Guaranteed actual unretouched photographs of eyes of a well-known middle-aged business woman before and one week after the removal of puffiness and lines.

EYES

The result is guaranteed 15 to 25 years, 10,000 cases, including all

other facial blemishes, have been successfully treated, 30 years' experience. For some time in the interests of the public we have issued the following challenge in the Press, and it has never been taken up:—"The Hystogen Institute will pay £5,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund if anyone can successfully remove puffiness and loose wrinkled skin around the eyes, immediately and permanently, by any other method which is approved by the Medical Profession than the one evolved and practised at the Hystogen Institute, and producing equally amazing results."

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE (Est. 1911), Old Quebec House, Old Quebec St. (corner of 19 Seymour St.), Portman Sq., W.1 Tel.: Pad. 5912

A Nottingham reader writes:

"... In these days of appalling 'journalese' (for want of a better word) it is a delight to read 'A London Newsletter'; not only for its common sense, but for its literary style. The paragraph this week about is a model for readers and writers alike and I should very much like to know who the Old Stager is."

THE SPHERE

is world renowned for its sound comment on current affairs . . . its illustrations are both entertaining and highly informative

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—EVERY FRIDAY



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to the late
King George V

THE BUSINESS MAN'S FITNESS CAMPAIGN

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Court recently made for His Grace The Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle



By Appointment to
H.M. the King of Sweden



The NEW "NON-PAREIL" GREEN NO UP-KEEP TENNIS COURT IS ALWAYS READY WITHOUT UPKEEP OR ATTENTION

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Hard Lawn Tennis Courts

No. 2

Squash Courts and Swimming Pools



Swimming Pool and Dressing Rooms designed and built near Windsor

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BY APPOINTMENT
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The whisky Cocktail has come into its own as the brightest of all entertaining ideas. Known in every country of the world, "Canadian Club" is accepted as the supreme essential not only for cocktails but for highballs and old-fashioned's too.

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Whisky
ESSENTIAL FOR COCKTAILS

HIRSH WALKER & SONS, LTD., 170-3, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. Distillery, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA. EST. 1858

If you sing tra-la-la, want to shout hip hooray,
It's ANDREWS that's making you
feel that way.

If you keep it on hand you will always feel grand
For it gives INNER CLEANLINESS—
Keeps you O.K.

You'll never feel livery, run down or dithery,
But healthy, carefree and gay
Just a glass, effervescent, is life's greatest blessing,
Take ANDREWS and bubble with
health every day!



When days are cold try
ANDREWS
with the chill off

4 ozs 9d 8 ozs 1/4

(45c)

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. Brooke



WOMEN who understand the art of dressing well appreciate the opportunity offered by Bradleys, Chepstow Place, every section of the house exceptional values prevail until Saturday, February 25. Not only in tailor-mades but in sent gratis and post free. Very fine wool in two shades of parma violet has been chosen for the suit above on the left. The skirt is of the darker shade, arranged with a panel of fan-shaped pleats, the same idea being introduced in the pockets of the coat. The price, made to measure, is eleven guineas. Saxony suiting has been used for the model on the right, built on almost classic lines. As photographed, with contrasting coat and skirt, it costs 10½ guineas, but carried out entirely in plain or checked fabric the price is 10 guineas, only of course until February 25

Picture by Blake

ELBEO
Stockings



Fig. 2

Fig. 1

*Your gauge of sheer value
is the gauge of the sheerness*

There are two kinds of sheer silk stockings—the magnified diagrams illustrate the difference. No. 1 shows the dense close mesh of Elbeo. No. 2 shows the loose open mesh of ordinary stockings. Now study the photograph—here are Elbeo sheer stockings making slenderness more slender. But—more than that—in wear the closer mesh of Elbeo means a life twice as long. And whence that fascinating "skin-complexion"? Elbeo stockings are knitted inside out! You see Elbeo think of everything to give you not merely fashion's latest word but sheer value as well. Please ask for Elbeo Crown 200 (8/11 per pair) or Elbeo Vision (10/6 per pair) and if in doubt or difficulty kindly write to Elbeo Publicity, 233, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Elbeo were the only foreign branded stockings awarded the Grand Prix at the Paris International Exhibition 1937.



POUR "LA PETITE FRILEUSE"



IN Swansdown Cloth

by Debenham & Freebody

In the latest novelty wool fabric, as beautifully light, soft and warm as swansdown, this charming design has original buttons and a two-tone sash of chiffon. In black, brown, rust, lido, petrel, soft blue or navy **6½ gns.** In 6 sizes

(Inexpensive Gowns, First Floor)

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.I.
(Debenhams Ltd.)



The blouse and the shirt-blouse are absolutely on the crest of the wave; nowhere is a more representative collection to be seen than in the salons of Walpole, New Bond Street. A quartette is portrayed on this page. There is the model on the left, carried out in Macclesfield silk for 35s. 9d.; an important feature is the striped vandyked trimming, which is available in many colours. Another point to remember is that this material washes and wears extremely well. A blouse of totally different character is seen at the top of the page on the right. It is carried out in snow-white organdie, embroidered and piped with colour. It costs 39s. 6d., and would look smart with a tailor-made. A new material is used for the shirt below it. This has been christened seed linen, and as the price is only 27s. 6d. it is safe to predict that every woman will need half a dozen of these models. At the foot of the page is seen a washing satin blouse for 59s. 6d.

Pictures by Blake

★ SPORTS CLOTHES



Perfectly tailored
Sports Clothes,
whatever the Price,
are an
event.

Finnigans
announce
REDUCED PRICES
DURING FEBRUARY.

Normally priced
at 13 Gns., this suit
will cost only 11½ Gns.



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17-20, New Bond Street, London, W.1

Between Season Prices at
Bradleys
Chepstow
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UNTIL February 25,
original Bradley models for
early Spring, designed and
made throughout in their
own workrooms, will be
copied to order at special
"between-season" prices.
A brochure illustrating
some of these new designs
will be sent on request.
The coat shown here can
be made to order in various
fine quality tweeds, lined
with crêpe de Chine, for

12 GNS.

Into the open

THE NEW KNITWEAR
MAKES ITS DÉBUT



MORE beautiful than colours in which the Braemar sportswear, which is sold practically everywhere, is available. The makers are Innes Henderson of Hawick. There are unusual fuchsia and anemone shades, dull and sunlight yellows, and the loveliest of hyacinth tones. Fashion's newest notes are reflected in the sleeves and necklines.

Pictures by Blake



THE Braemar suit above is carried out in jacquard Botany wool and is available in many check designs as well as numerous colour schemes. There could be no more faithful witness to the vast strides that knitwear has made during recent years. All sagging at the knees has been eliminated

PURE cashmere (100 per cent cashmere) makes the Braemar sets portrayed. The pullover at the foot of the page has a multi-coloured wasp stripe, while the cardigan is plain. Above it is a striped pullover with short sleeves, accompanied by a waistcoat which is sleeveless and has contrasting buttons

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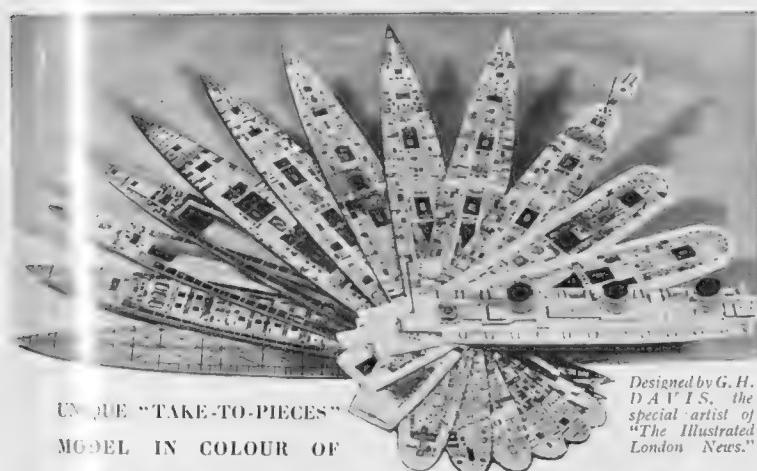
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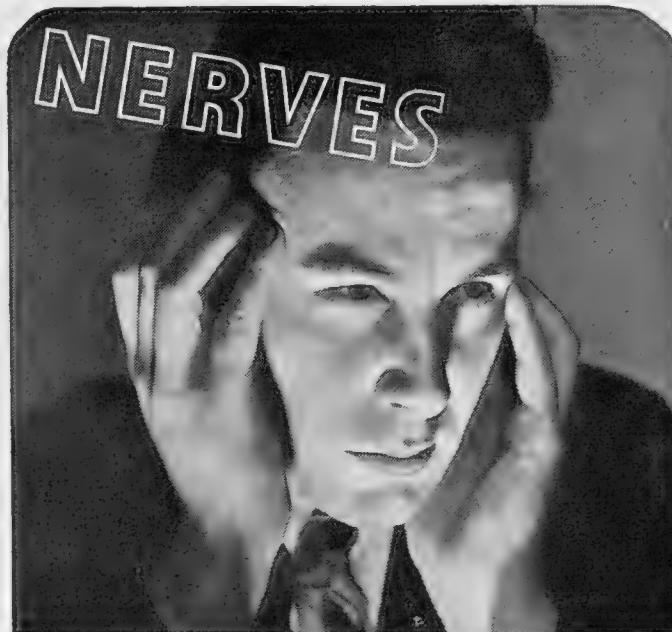
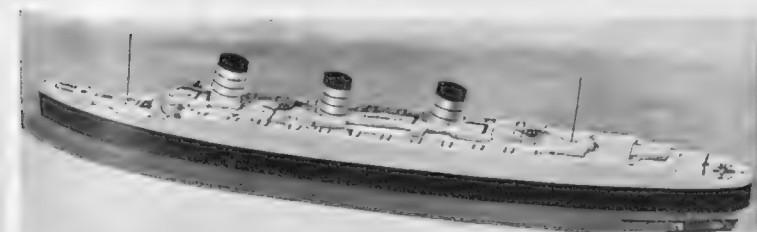
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KEESHOND

Property of Mrs. Wingfield Digby

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A final reminder of our annual meeting to be held the second day of Cruft's at ten in the morning. There will be some important business, so I hope all members will attend. One is to elect our delegate for the K.C. Council in the place of the late Lady Kathleen Pilkington. Again I suggest to members who wish to lunch in our room to go early if they are not being judged, as there will be more room and it will avoid congestion later. I get very reiterative

of having introduced the Keeshond to this country. They were so taken by the ones they saw in Holland many years ago that they brought over a pair and have never been without some since. Now Keeshonds are a most popular breed and are seen everywhere, but the "Van Zaandams" can still hold their own with the best. The photograph is of one of the youngsters now being shown. Mrs. Wingfield Digby makes companions of

all her dogs; they go with her everywhere,

riding, fishing and even yachting, and, the usual result, are sensible and well mannered. There are always puppies and older dogs for sale.

The Border Terrier is an old breed and has undoubtedly been known on the border for many years. When, a short time ago, he made his débüt on the show bench, there was an anxious time lest he should be made to conform to the stereotyped terrier, all his characteristics removed and the usual long narrow head substituted. Mercifully this danger is over, and he retains his "otter" head, broad in skull, and with a short, strong muzzle. He is one of the gamiest of all terriers. There are innumerable stories about him in his native border. He is small and makes an excellent companion, being active, clean and intelligent. Mrs. Twist owns a strong kennel of Borders. The photograph is of Ch. Wedale Jock, winner of certificates at Cheltenham, Harrogate and Edinburgh last year. He is four years of age and has done well at stud. Mrs. Twist always has puppies and youngsters for sale. One final word—the Border Terrier really is a Border Terrier as it is seen all over the border country. It is very hardy and dependable, and is noted for its faithfulness and affectionate disposition.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton



BULLDOGS

Property of Mrs. Hazle



Ch. WEDALE JOCK

Property of Mrs. Twist

this time of the year and feel I am a bore, but it is remarkable how people who are constantly reminded of things still say they have never been told.

There is a saying, "Once a Bulldog man, always a Bulldog man," and there is no doubt that Bulldogs have characteristics which endear them to their owners. In the first half of last century, they were kept for debasing sports by brutal, ignorant people, and were therefore supposed to be slow in intelligence. These sports have mercifully been suppressed, and the Bulldog has taken his right place as a charming companion, very affectionate, and specially good with children, as he never snaps. Bulldogs make excellent guards, as their formidable appearance keeps off all undesirables. An advantage they have is that they hardly ever bark. Mrs. Hazle has a well-known kennel of Bulldogs. She has about twelve adults; all—stud dogs and bitches—are show dogs, and have done well. They are all favourites as well. The big dog in the picture, Boysey, was on the television. Mrs. Hazle says, "He was awfully good and quite enjoyed it." Mrs. Hazle lives near the Observatory at Greenwich. She usually has puppies for sale and is pleased to show them by appointment.

To Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield Digby belongs the honour

THIS FRAGRANCE and other concerns of today

"Culling from every flower their virtuous sweets . . ."

There is a sixth sense today christened "perfume" on account of its power to select scents which will increase the charm of the individual. The consensus of opinion is that this is due to the advance in civilization. The art of the perfumer is of paramount importance, as it is necessary for him to take into consideration the influence of passing events. Again he must create something that can be imparted to bath soap and other accessories of the toilet. Conflicting fragrances are responsible for an unpleasant aura. Floral essences are suitable for the country and especially helpful to the débutante and to those who lead a simple life. For the pleasure-loving and what may be termed the exotic women "bouquets" are to be recommended, of which there is an infinite variety. Perfumes should always be tested on the back of the hand. A drop on each wrist is an ultra smart manner of using it. Again it must be applied at the nape of the neck, behind the ears and on the temples. Whether it should be "sprayed" is a moot point.

Floral Perfumes.

It is not until the list of floral perfumes created by Floris, 89 Jermyn Street, is studied that it is realized the numbers of flowers on which a toll is levied to give pleasure to women. It is the Jasmine series which is portrayed on this page. The true odour of this tiny flower has been captured and is present in the entire range. And then, pleasantly enough, it is from 6/- a bottle; so is honeysuckle, which conjures up the atmosphere of Devonshire lanes and meadows after a morning shower of rain. Bluebell is Floris's latest production. It really is a work of art and was inspired by the bluebells which in spring grow at Hampton Court—in the wild part, of course, down by the river. It was exceedingly difficult to reproduce the true aroma.



Floris is particularly successful in creating "bouquets." There is "Oriental" which, as its name implies, is very luxurious and increases the joy of life. Again there is "Royal Arms" and "Solo." Another speciality of this house is perfumes for burning with lamps. Neither must it be overlooked that a feature is made of old English lavender water and eau-de-Cologne, which many regard as necessities rather than luxuries. Experienced hostesses know how these delight their guests. By the way, men always appreciate a bottle of the "After Shaving Lotion," as it has soothing and astringent properties which have an excellent effect on the skin.



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"Well, well! If it isn't my old friend Inspector Hornblower."

"Unusual, sir, for you to be out of town at this time of the year?"

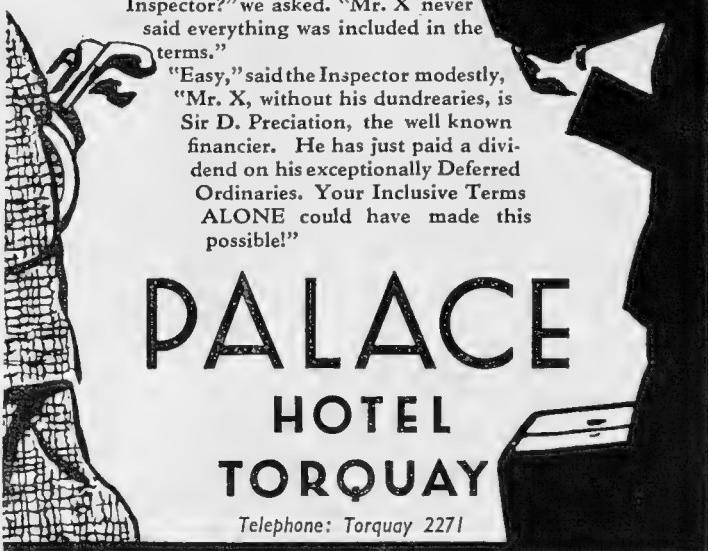
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* * *

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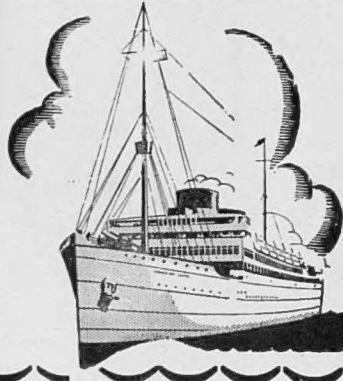
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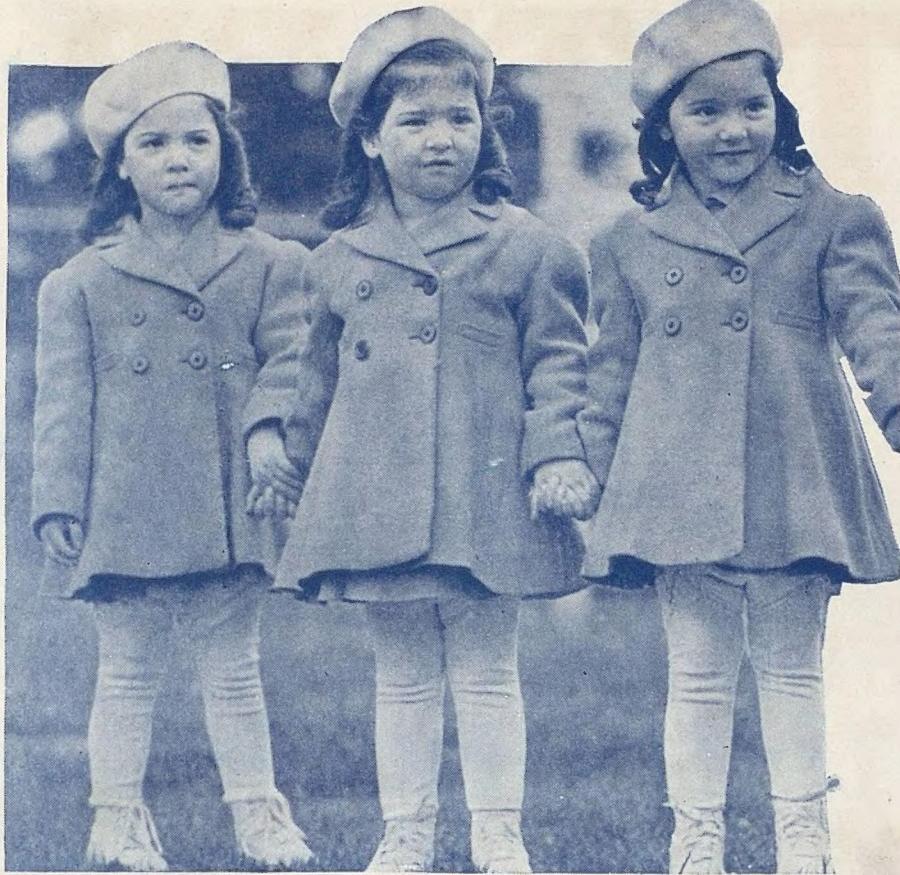
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FIVE LITTLE GIRLS WENT TO MARKET!

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That without consideration for the fact that in the fifty odd months of their existence they have also been responsible for the rebuilding of their native town, for the saving of a nearby city from municipal bankruptcy, for the building of over 100 miles of modern roads, for a boom increase in real estate values approximating over £1,000,000, for the taking of hundreds off the relief rolls for a yearly personal expenditure, in food, clothing and staff salaries of over £5,000, and finally for another odd £1,000,000 that is invested in businesses subsidiary and dependent on their existence.

Few, if any, enterprises have been built to such colossal and far-reaching proportions in so short a space of time, and, without meaning to be facetious, none have sprung from such small

beginnings. If ever there was romance to Big Business, it is in the history of the Quinns who first saw the light of day in Callander, Ontario, on May 28, 1934.

Well known now is the epic history of that first day, when tousle-haired, phlegmatic little Doc Dafoe found himself faced with one of Nature's rarest jokes—the birth of five humans at one delivery. Of how he packed his charges between cotton wool, in a receptacle that had served both as clothes and dog basket in its time, and kept them miraculously alive with a fountain-pen filler for feeding purposes and a solitary hot-water bottle as his heating apparatus. Perhaps not so well known, since ultra respectable, prohibitionist-inclined Ontario has taken care to hide the awful fact, is that the early lives of these five sisters were saved by comparatively liberal doses of "ole demon Rum . . ."

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